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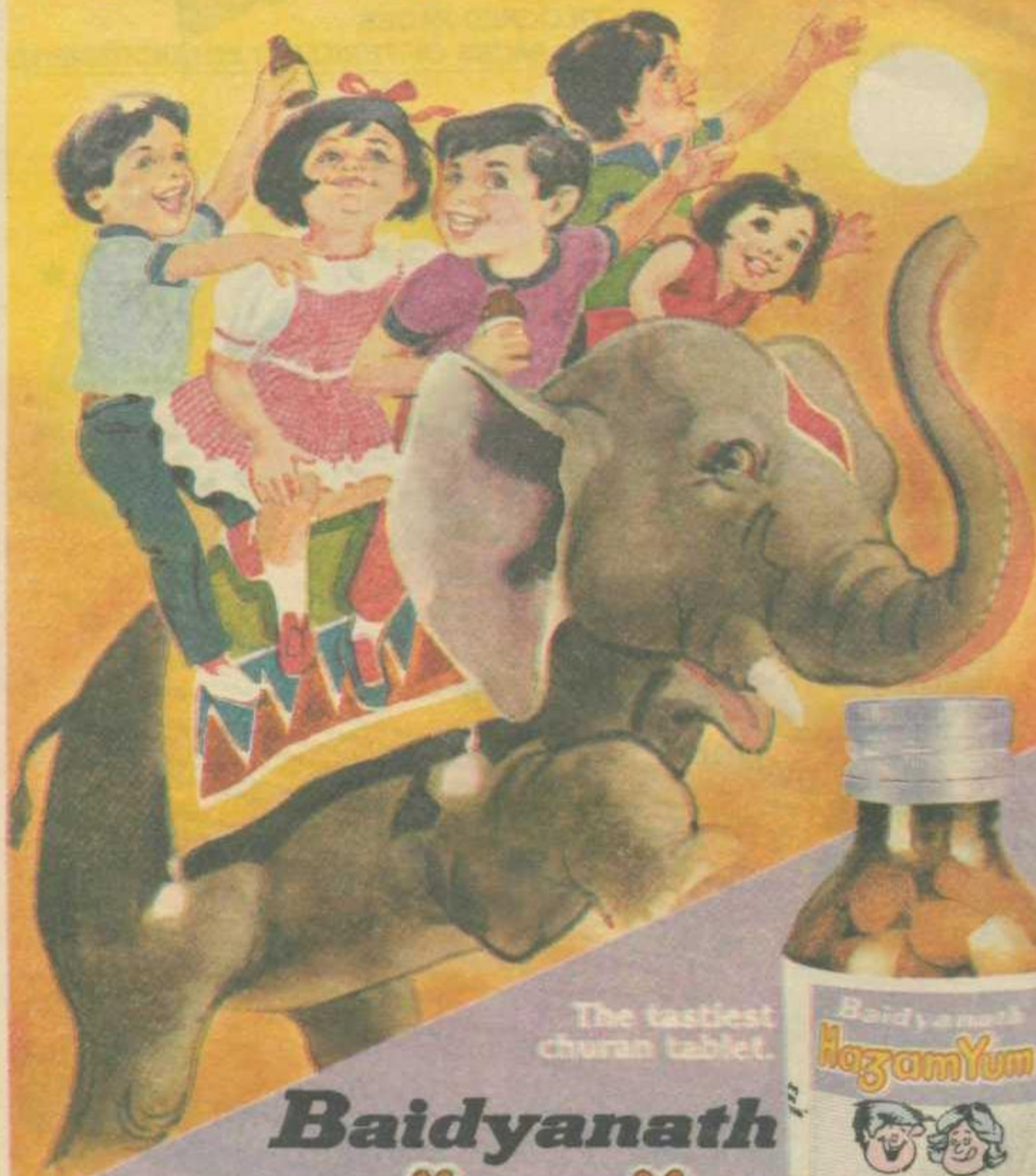
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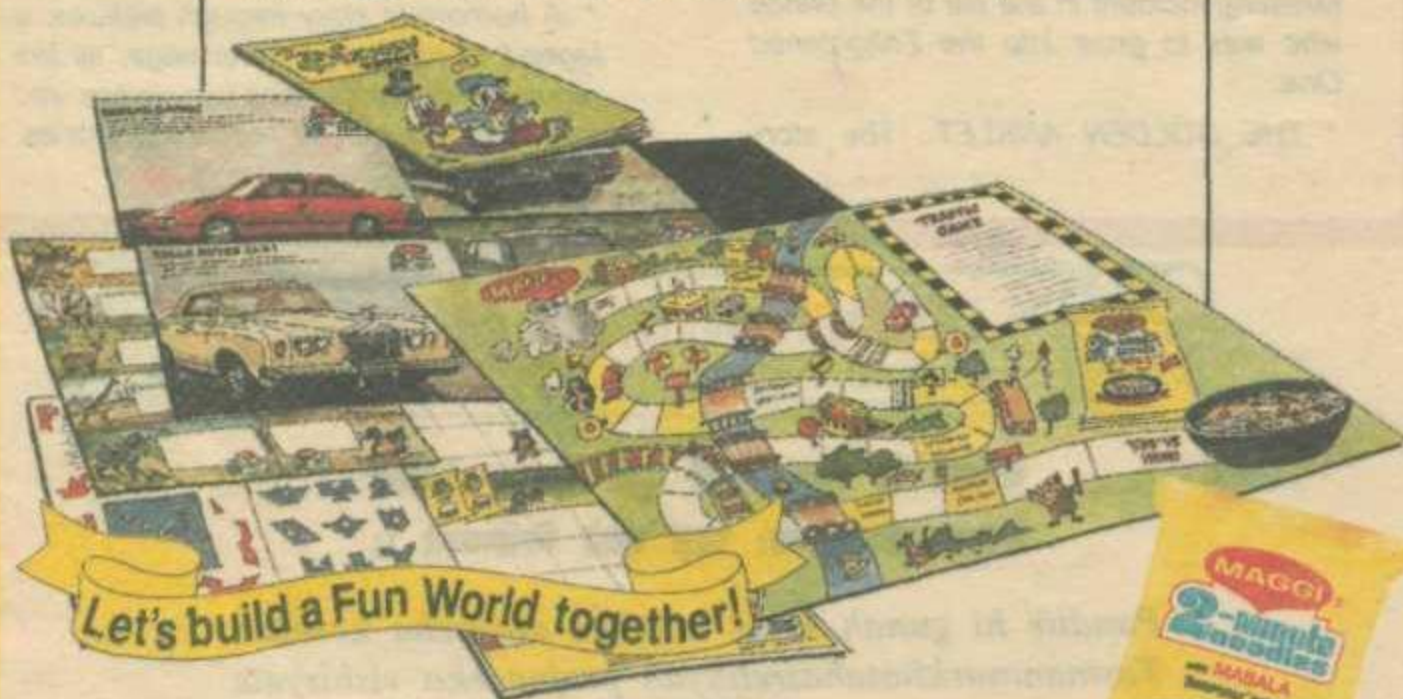
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\* *GAUTAMA SURPRISES ALL* : An interesting incident in the life of the prince who was to grow into the Enlightened One.

\* *THE GOLDEN ANKLET* : The story

concludes on an unforgettable note.

\* A humorous story through pictures, a legend of India with a message, all the regular features carrying knowledge and joy—and a bunch of refreshing stories.



## GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

पण्डिते हि गुणाः सर्वे मूर्खे दोषाश्च केवलाः ।  
तस्मान्मूर्खसहस्रेभ्यः प्राज्ञ एको विशिष्यते ॥

*Pandite hi gunah sarve murkhe dosascha kevalah  
Tasmanmurkhasahasrebhyah prajna eko vishisyate*

True savants are endowed with so many good qualities whereas fools are full of vices. Hence a single savant is preferable to a thousand fools.

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CHAKRAPANI

## NO SUBSTITUTE FOR READING HABIT

One day Sujan, because of his great attraction for things remote, wanted to know how far is Manasarovar and how it can be reached. He consulted two or three books and in the process of glancing through them, learnt many more topics of his interest apart from all about the great lake. Ten years have passed and he has not forgotten them.

A lot of information about the great lake was given through a TV programme. Of ten students who saw the programme together, two months later none remembered anything important about it. They were all intelligent students.

This is because Sujan *wanted* to know about it; he made an effort to find what he wanted. The others were just given it. There is a vast difference between the two positions.

We are sure, our readers will understand the significance of this difference.

### Thoughts to be Treasured

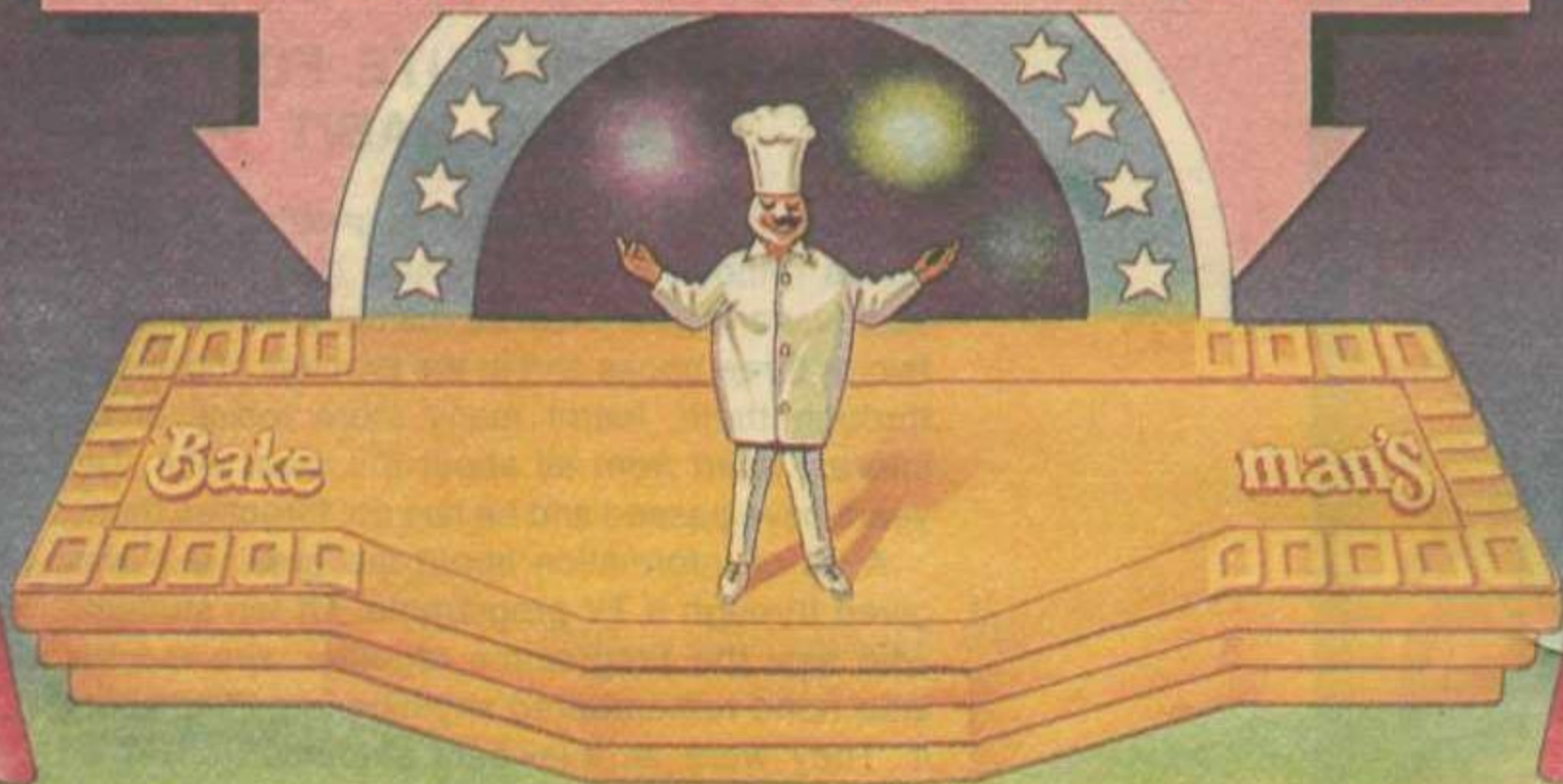
God's word is: 'He who strives never perishes'. I have implicit faith in that promise.

—Mahatma Gandhi



... kids to find something you love

More children find it twice-as-nice for its taste  
More children eat it for get-set-and-go energy



A▶

Fold to make "A" meet "B"

◀B

...ue :  
...roducing  
...omething new  
...at has a plus



New  
100 g.  
Pack

**Bakeman's**  
Home Baked Freshness

New!  
**Glucose  
Plus** BISCUITS

More taste, More energy





# NEWS FLASH

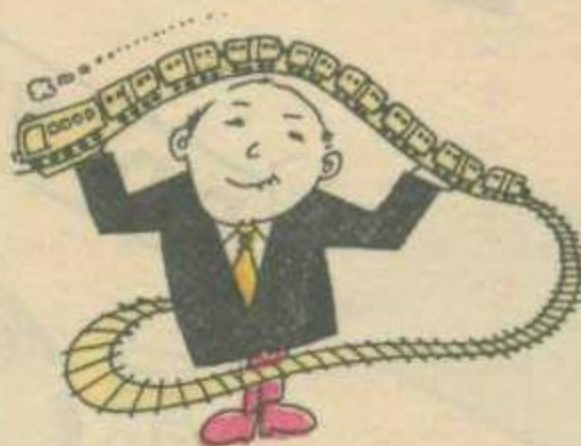


## ANYBODY IN MARS?

Photographs taken by the spacecraft Viking raise some puzzling questions. There seems to be gigantic pyramid-like structures on Mars. Are they natural or are they made by some living creatures? That is the main question.

## THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN

Yoshiaki Tsutsumi of Japan who owns a number of railways in Japan is the world's richest man, according to a survey, for the current year.



## SNAIL'S PACE

A total of 79 snails took part in a race in Spain. They were required to drag stones tied to them. The snail named Hercules emerged first. It dragged a stone weighing 240 grammes over a distance of 42.5 centimetres in ten minutes. Some of the snails climbed the stones instead of dragging them.

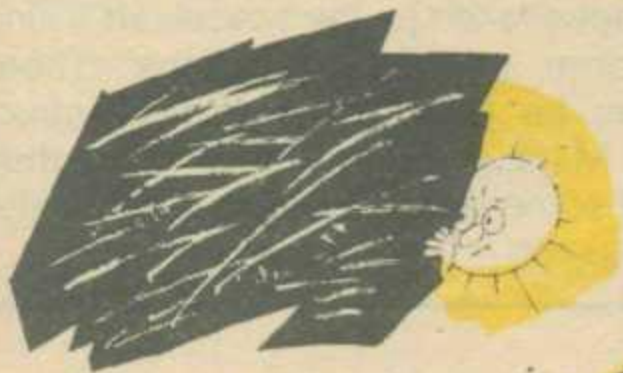
## THE LITTLE GREAT WEIGHTLIFTER

A 15-year old Chinese girl named Zhon Lunmei broke three women's world records in weightlifting.

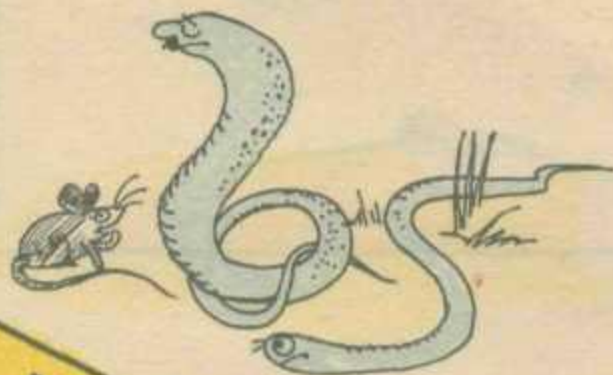




After midnight one can see five times greater number of meteors than before midnight.



Most varieties of snakes can live for a whole year without eating a single morsel of food.



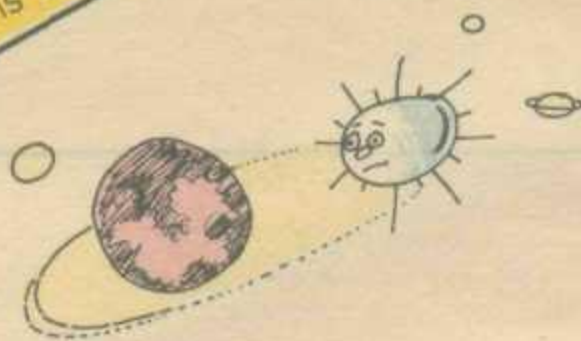
## DID YOU KNOW?



About 70% of our earth is covered with water, but only 1% of it is drinkable



In winter the colour of a weasel's coat becomes white. The creature is then called ermine. Weasel and ermine are thus the names of the same creature.



There was no sign of life on the earth during the first 2 billion years of its existence.





STORY OF

# BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

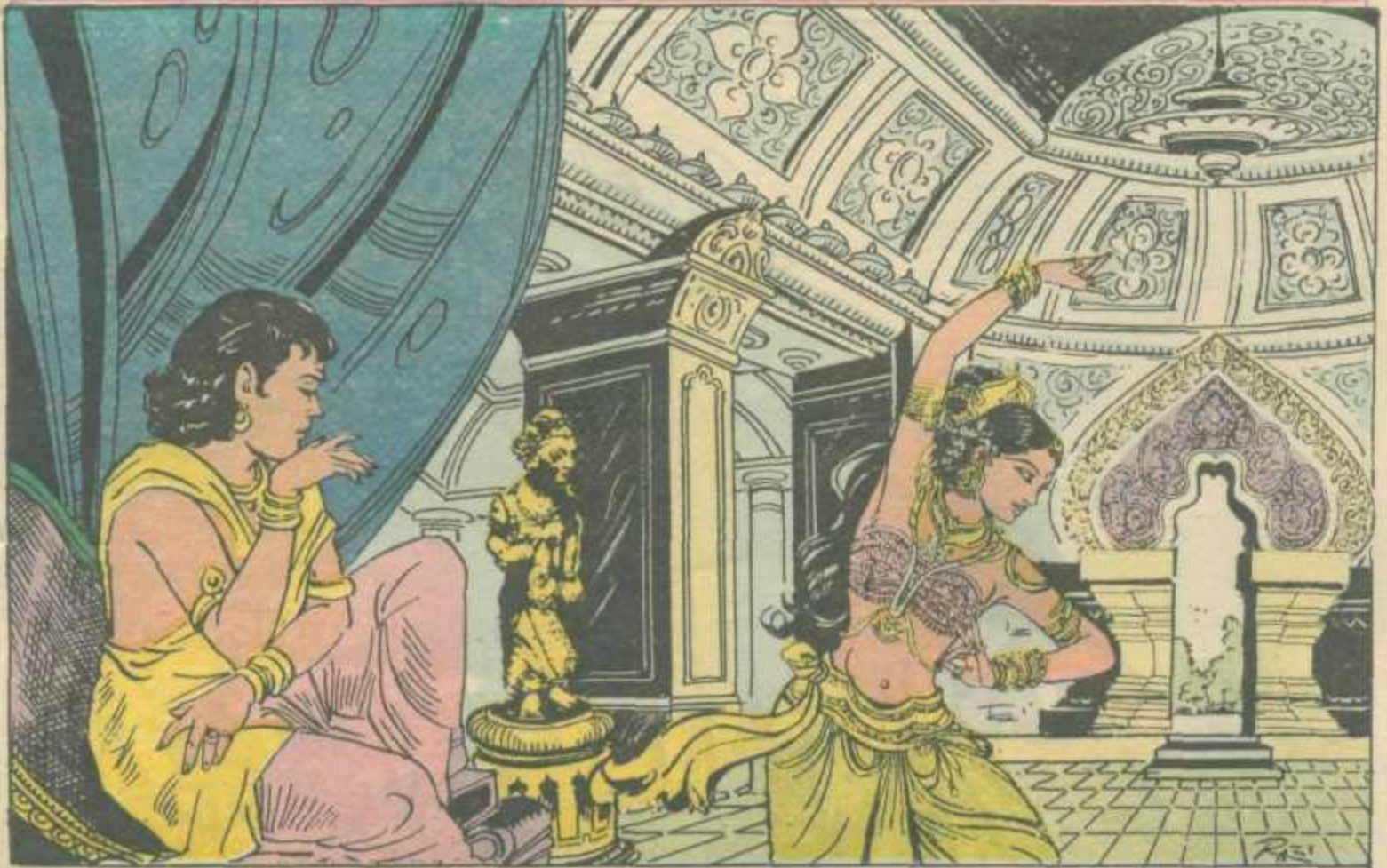
(Prince Siddhartha grew up amidst happiness and luxury. But one day, while witnessing a ceremony, he saw a snake thrashed to death. That made him thoughtful. He returned to the palace garden and sat in a trance.)

## LIFE OR DEATH?

**T**ime passed. There was no relaxation in the arrangements made by the king to keep Prince Siddhartha merry. Dancers, singers, magicians and jesters kept the atmosphere of the palace festive. But by and by it became obvious that his happiness did not depend on such arrangements. He could look

pensive while witnessing a jester's feat; on the other hand he could look perfectly happy while gazing at nothingness, that is to say, at the blank space!

The garden adjacent to the palace had innumerable trees bearing a variety of fruits and flowers and they provided shelter to hundreds of birds. The





garden also had pools with cool transparent waters. The prince would quietly slip into the garden at the earliest opportunity and sit for hours in solitude, while new entertainments awaited his attention inside the palace.

One day, as the prince sat in the garden leaning against a tree, he saw a covey of swans flying against the clouds. Their dazzling white wings reflected the golden colour of the setting sun. He gazed at them, charmed. How wonderful it is to soar higher and higher in thoughts, just as the birds flew higher and higher!

The birds were flying from the south to the north and they became more and more distinctly visible when they came to fly over the royal garden. They circled overhead; perhaps they intended descending on the pool facing the prince.

The enchanted prince kept looking at them. "Welcome!" he told the birds in silence

But, all on a sudden, something unexpected happened. As he looked on at the descending birds, he saw one of them struck by an arrow which whizzed past the trees, coming from another part of the garden.

It looked as if a heavenly





garland got suddenly snapped. The swan struck by the arrow came down, flapping its wings in a haphazard manner. The other swans screamed in panic. They forgot the rhythm of their flight and circled overhead in a pell-mell manner.

Prince Siddhartha got up and ran towards the fallen bird. It was still flapping its wings on the grass. The prince knelt down and picked it up and carefully removed the arrow from its flank. Blood, oozing out of the bird's wound, soiled his hands and clothes. A gardener who saw the scene came rushing to the spot. "Your Majesty, I

know a herbal juice which will heal the wound," he said. The prince asked him to bring it and himself sat holding the bird, running his tender fingers on its back. He wondered, why should anybody bring this wonderful creature down from its flight? Why should anyone put an end to its freedom?

He was woken up from his reverie with a jolt. "Give me the bird," demanded someone. The prince looked up. The boy who stood before him, gasping for breath and looking excited, was Devdutt, one of his cousins.

King Suddhodhana never encouraged Prince Siddhartha to







play with Devdutt. From the comments of the queen and other inmates of the palace the prince knew that they did not hold any good opinion of Devdutt. Several times Devdutt had tried to lure Siddhartha into his house or into playing with him, but Siddhartha had remained aloof. He had a feeling that Devdutt was displeased with him.

"I must take the bird away. It is mine," Devdutt repeated, laying his hand on the swan.

"It is not yours. It was flying, free, only a moment ago," replied Siddhartha, warding off his cousin's hand.

"But I brought it down with my arrow!"

"You tried to kill it. I am trying to restore it to life. Who has a greater right to a thing—one who destroys it or one who preserves it?" asked Siddhartha.

Devdutt could not think of any argument to answer Siddhartha. He was hefty, taller and stronger than the prince; he would have liked to snatch the bird from Siddhartha. But he stood stupefied. There was something so noble and so courageous with Siddhartha that Devdutt did not dare to lay claim to the bird any more. He went away, sulking.

The gardener returned with water, milk and the herbal juice. Siddhartha washed the swan's wound and applied the juice to it. He fed the swan with the milk. He then carried it into the palace. It took a fortnight for the swan's wound to be completely healed.

Then, one afternoon Siddhartha released it into the air, standing on the roof of his palace. Great was his joy to see it flapping its silver wings. It circled over his head as if showing its gratitude to its saviour. Then it was lost to the prince's





vision in the distant sky.

Meanwhile, not far away from the old palace, work had started on three different magnificent palaces. There was a lake linked to the river Rohini. A palace was rising at the centre of the lake. Built with marble and overshadowed by tall trees, this was to be Siddhartha's summer residence.

The second palace which stood amidst a lush green grove was made of strong Himalayan timber. Its doors and windows were so slanted that no gust of wind could assail its interior. This was designed to be Siddhartha's winter palace.

Yet another palace stood on a rocky slope. Made of stone, this was meant to be Siddhartha's home during the monsoon. Such was its situation that water would not gather around it. So spacious were the halls attached to it that the prince could play and stroll inside them without feeling any need for going out.

The grand Himalayan peaks could be seen through the windows of all the palaces and each palace looked like a beautiful picture set against the mountains, when viewed from a distance.

—To Continue

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## THE FINAL TESTS

**K**ing Jaysingh of Prabhatpur was lucky in his minister and his army chief. His minister Yugandhar was a clever and wise counsellor. His army chief Summersingh was brave and strong. No king dared to disturb Prabhatpur because of these two able officers.

But it so happened that one day Summersingh had a fall from a horse while he was trying to tame it. He took to bed and died the next day.

The sad incident shook the king's morale. But his minister consoled him, saying, "My lord, nobody is immortal; nobody is indispensable. We too will pass away some day. But our kingdom will continue to be blessed with able officers. Now, I am sure, there are capable youths among our army officers from whom we can choose one to

head the army. We must fill the vacant post soon. Our enemies should not think that we are lacking in anything.

The king agreed with the minister's observation. They conducted different kinds of contests among the young army officers and came to the conclusion that Dhirendra and Sudhirsingh were the ablest of them all.

But who between the two is to head the army? Should it be Dhirendra or should it be Sudhirsingh?

The king, at the minister's advice, asked the two young men to appear in a stiff test in archery. Two lemons were placed on two trees. Each was to take aim at a lemon looking at its reflection in a pool of water under the tree.

It was Sudhirsingh who shot



his arrow first. In fact, he looked at the reflection only for a few seconds and discharged his arrow upward. It pierced the lemon and both the lemon and the arrow came down.

All present were deeply impressed. Dhirendra, however, took a full minute in taking aim and then shot the arrow. He too struck the target and brought the lemon down.

"Evidently, Sudhirsingh is more efficient, for he took less time to take aim than Dhirendra," the king whispered to the minister.

"Pardon me, my lord, but haven't you observed the difference? Sudhirsingh brought down two tiny branches and a number of leaves along with the lemon. But Dhirendra brought down only the lemon. His arrow did not disturb anything else. It

is to reach at this accuracy that he took a little more time," said the minister. Then he proposed yet another test for the king's satisfaction.

The two young men were asked to cut down two trees. One who would fell his tree first would be considered successful in the test. A hatchet was given to each.

Sudhirsingh began hacking at the tree at once. But Dhirendra examined the edge of his hatchet and then began sharpening it against a slab of stone. He began cutting the tree a full hour behind Sudhirsingh, yet it was his tree that fell first!

The king was left in no doubt that while both the young men were equal in courage and warfare, Dhirendra was endowed with a superior common sense.





## A HORSE IN THE SKY

Once Andare, the jester, stood outside his house and looked at the sky. He was in a thoughtful mood. He forgot himself and his surrounding and continued to stare at the sky.

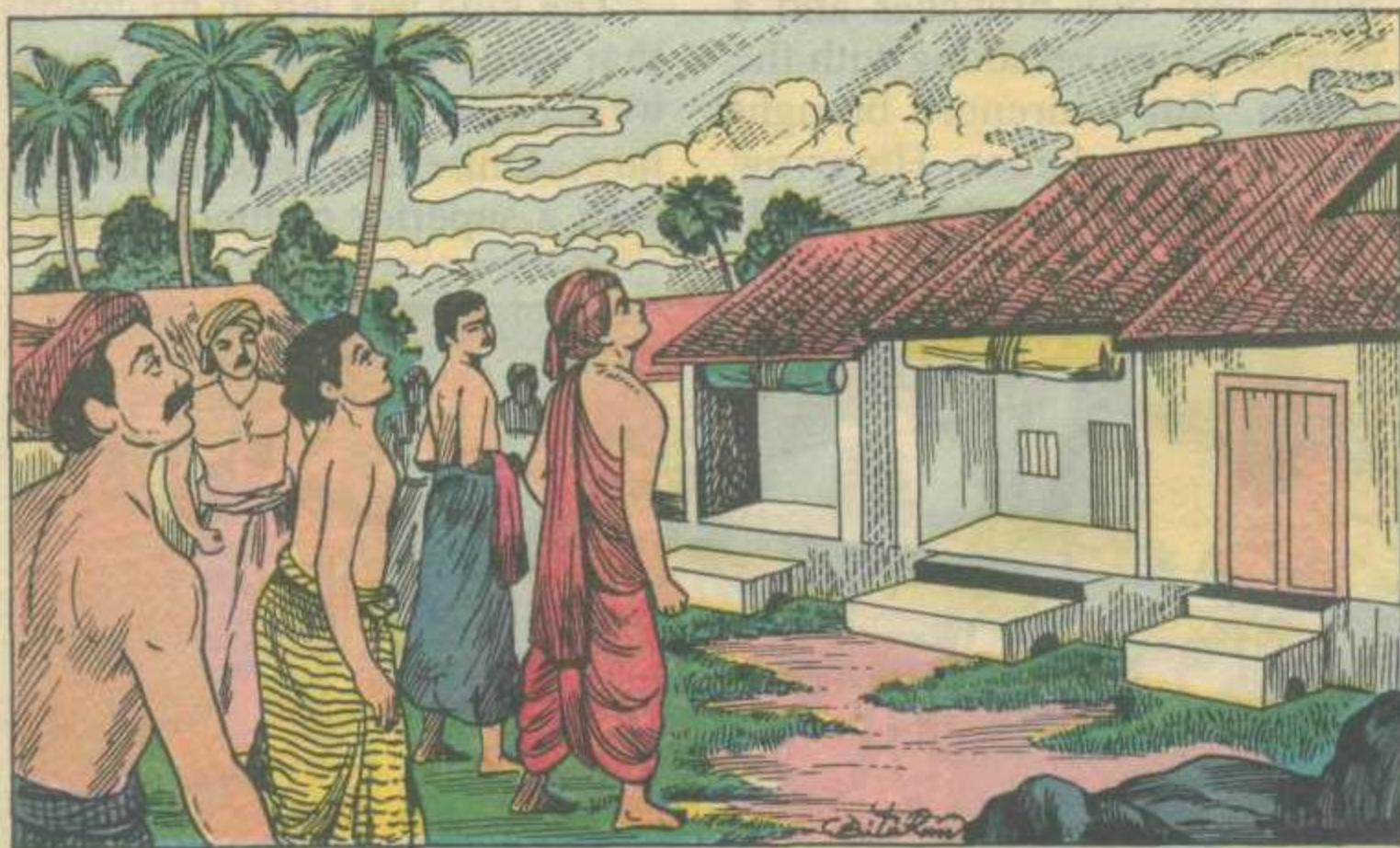
One of his neighbours who observed Andare doing this, also began gazing at the sky, perhaps to find out in what Andare was so much interested.

A second neighbour joined them out of curiosity. Slowly, one after another the passers-by

joined them. Soon quite a big crowd was staring at the sky.

A long time passed. The passers-by began asking one another what was special there in the sky today.

There was confusion. Andare had meanwhile come back to his senses. He found himself in the midst of a crowd that was staring at the sky. He looked at the sky again to find out what the people were looking at. Finally he asked them, "What are you





observing?"

"Good God, were you not looking at the sky yourself?" some one reminded him.

Andare shook his head thoughtfully. "Oh," he said. "So far as I'm concerned, I was only looking at that flying horse which passed through the sky several times. I won't be surprised if it appears again."

The crowd resumed its sky-gazing with renewed vigour. Andare slipped into his house and watched them through his window.

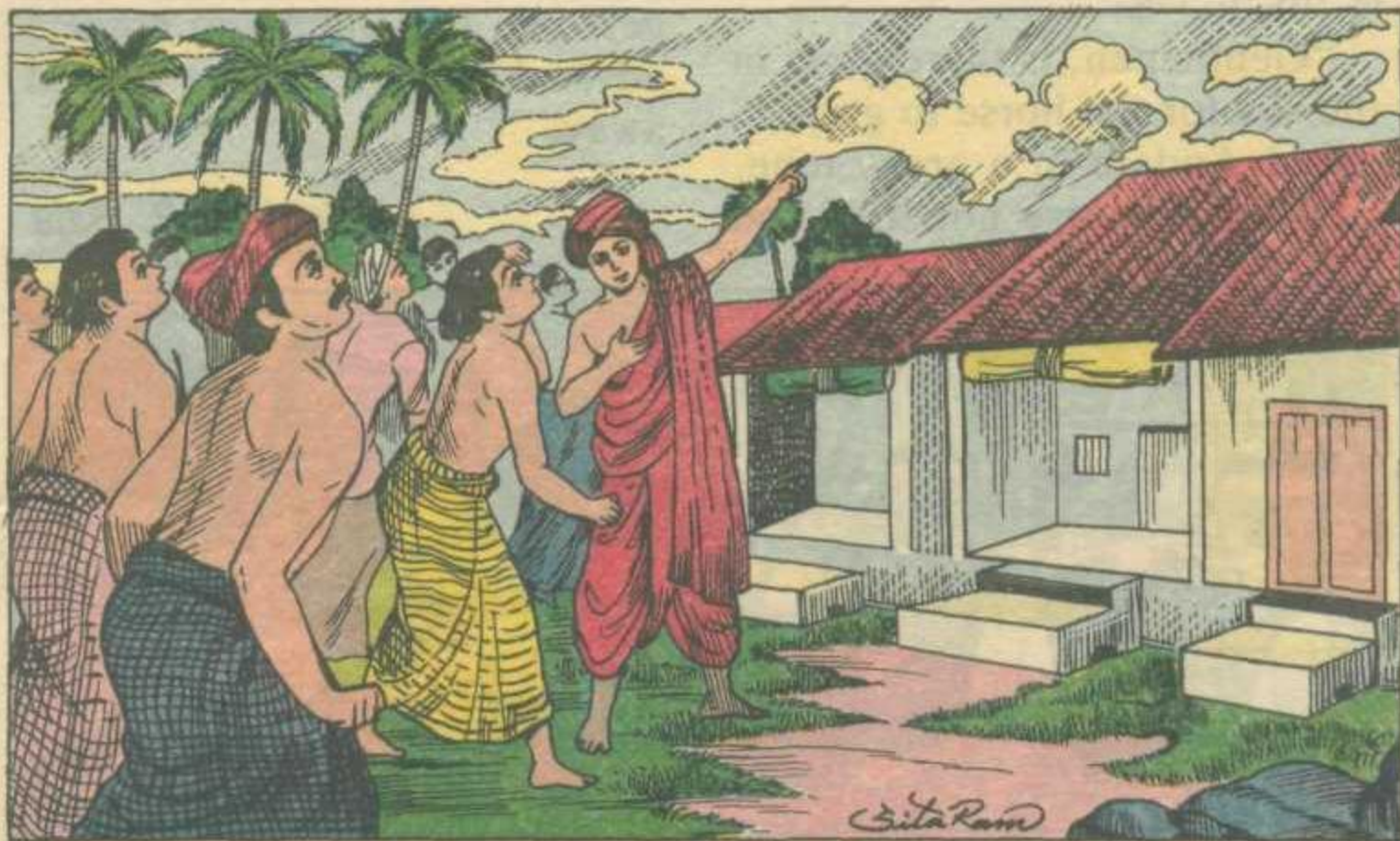
Many anxious minutes passed. No one in the crowd was

able to see anything except the clouds in the sky.

Andare reappeared amidst the crowd. "There, there!" he shouted. "Don't you see it?" It's grazing there in the south-eastern sky!"

"What a pity, we don't see even the tail of the horse!" complained the crowd one after another.

"Now I understand why you people cannot see anything while I can! It is because I bathed in the sacred water of this well yonder while none of you have done so. You may try my method!" said Andare. "Un-





less one was a complete sinner, one should be able to see the horse in the sky," he added.

Now, none in the crowd considered himself a complete sinner. They lifted bucketfuls of water from the well and bathed. In two or three hours the well had been drained to the last drop. That is what Andare wanted. It saved him much labour. For a long time he had been planning to clear the well of its putrified water so that fresh water could emerge from the ground.

The people had resumed gazing at the sky again. It was evening. They shouted, "Where is the horse?"

"Gentlemen, is there grass in the sky for the horse to graze?" asked Andare in a grave tone.

"No, of course not. But you

said that the horse was grazing!" said the crowd.

"I said so; that is right. A horse which can fly can also graze on clouds. Can't it?" asked Andare.

"Why not," agreed the crowd.

"Now, is there any cloud in the sky?" asked Andare.

"We don't see any," reported the crowd.

"That explains the situation. While you were busy bathing, the horse ate up all the clouds and left! Why should it loiter in the sky once it had finished swallowing all the clouds? It has gone home. Gentlemen, I suggest you too should go home," advised Andare and he walked away.

*—Retold by P. Raja*





# TENALI RAMA IN THE BATTLEFIELD



A battle was over. The victorious generals of the king were relaxing around a fire and talking.

"I am happy that my men, led personally by me, could kill the enemy general's elephant. That decided the course of the battle," said a general.



"It was my privilege to destroy the enemy's camp with all their provisions. That I did at dead of night!" said another general.

"I had to face their cavalry. I'm so happy that I could rout it, though it was not easy," boasted a third general





Just then Tenali Rama entered the camp. Gravely, he said, "It seems you people have no idea of my achievement!"



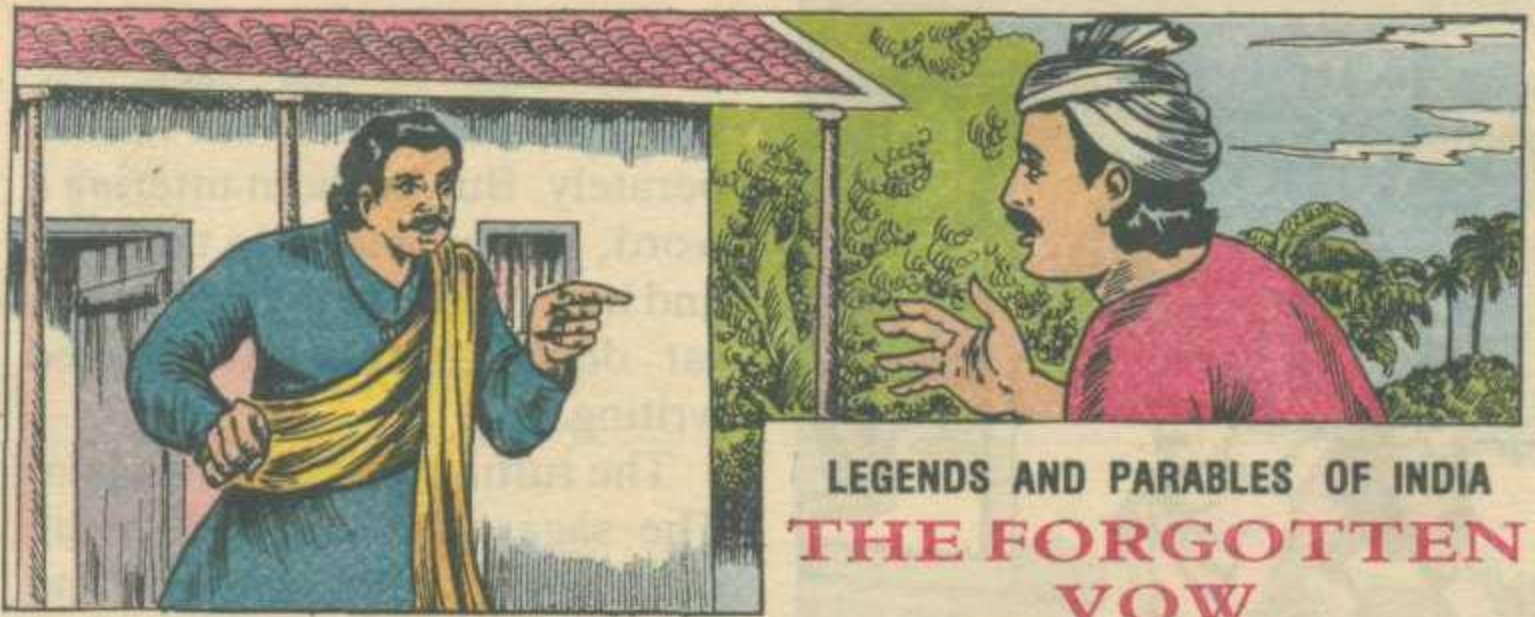
"What did you do?" asked the curious officers. "I cut off the legs of the commander-in-chief of the enemy forces," he declared.

Tenali Rama's statement surprised the officers. After a pause, one of them asked, "But why legs? Why did you not cut off his head?"



"Well, it is because someone else had already cut off his head before I reached him," said Tenali Rama, to their great amusement.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA  
**THE FORGOTTEN  
 VOW**

**O**n the banks of the river Godavari was a small hut. The sage who lived in it was dear to all, but not to the zamindar of the village. The wealthy zamindar wanted to buy the small plot of land on which the sage lived. But the farmer who owned it would not part with it.

"I shall pay you more than the price you are likely to get from anybody else," the zamindar assured the farmer.

"You are very generous, sir, but how can I sell the land to you? I know that you will drive the sage away from it once the land becomes yours," the farmer said calmly.

The zamindar became angry. "Don't go on referring to him as a sage! What do you know of sages? I tell you that he is no better than you or I!" he blurted

out.

"No, sir, he is a sage. I know this from many signs," said the farmer.

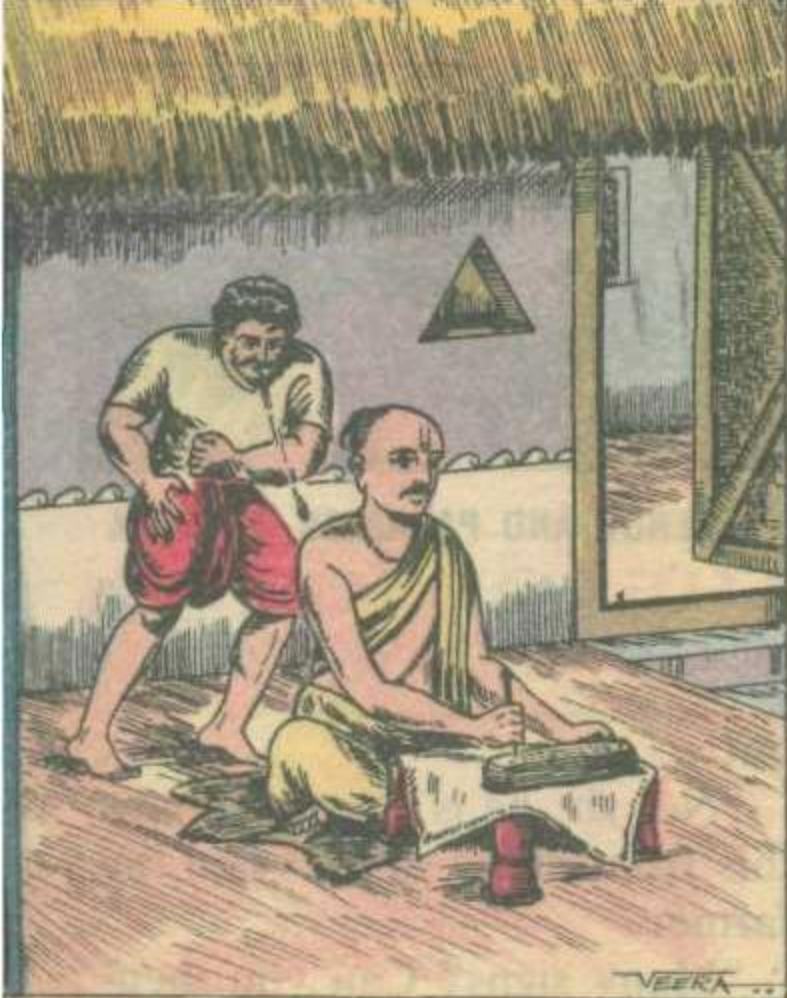
"Many signs? Can you mention of one sign to me apart from his wearing the garb of a hermit?" challenged the wealthy man, trembling with anger.

"You get angry so easily. Same is the case with me. But I have never seen the sage getting angry," stated the farmer.

"What nonsense do you speak! You have never seen him getting angry because there has never been any cause for him to get angry. That is all!" asserted the zamindar. Then, after thinking over a plan for a moment, he added, lowering his voice, "I suggest that you roam around your sage's hut tomorrow in the morning. I will show to you how he grows angry like any of us."







"All right, let me see it," agreed the farmer.

"Will you change your mind and sell the plot of land to me if he gets angry?" demanded the zamindar.

"I will," said the farmer.

They parted. Next day, as decided the farmer went near the sage's hut and waited to see what will happen. He felt unhappy to find a young man, notorious as a ruffian, approaching the sage. It was a tender morning and the sage sat writing something on a palm leaf in front of his hut. The ruffian stood behind him and spat on him.

The sage looked back. He saw that the ruffian did it deliberately. But, without uttering a word, he descended to the river and had a dip. He then came up, sat down again and resumed writing.

The ruffian spat on him again. The sage went and had a dip once again. This went on and on. Obviously the ruffian was trying to make the sage angry. The farmer felt extremely sad. He repented for having agreed to the zamindar's condition instead of refusing his proposal straight away.

Farther away, behind a tree stood the zamindar. He was feeling surprised at the sage's unperturbed conduct.

The trial of patience between the sage and the ruffian continued. Every time the sage emerged from the water, the ruffian spat and frowned on him, but the sage smiled at him and said nothing.

The ruffian's face began to look pale.

The sage had taken one hundred and seven dips when the ruffian fell at his feet and said, "Noble one, pardon this sinner! I harassed you in this fashion because I was offered money for



my mischief. But I cannot go on doing this! I do not know what will happen to me if you utter a curse on me!"

"Will you not spit on me once more?" asked the sage. "I shall rather die than do such a thing," said the ruffian.

The sage smiled and lifted him up and said, "In fact, I should thank you. Years ago I had decided that one day I will have one hundred and eight dips in the river Godavari, uttering her sacred name one hundred and eight times. I had not fulfilled my own vow perhaps out of laziness. In fact, I had forgotten all about it. Today you made me fulfil my vow. I am grateful to you. I must go and have yet another dip, to make the number one hundred and eight. This time I shall pray for you."

When the sage emerged from

the water for the last time that day, the zamindar too fell flat at his feet. "I am a criminal. I promised to pay the ruffian to go on spitting on you until you got angry!" he confessed.

The sage laughed. "Had he confided to me the purpose of his action, I would have tried to show anger so that he appeared successful in his mission and received his reward!" he said.

"But he has done his best. You must not deprive him of his due," the farmer stepped in and pleaded on behalf of the ruffian.

"I won't. And I won't ask you to sell your land to me either," said the zamindar.

He became a devotee of the sage who is famous as Saint Eknath.

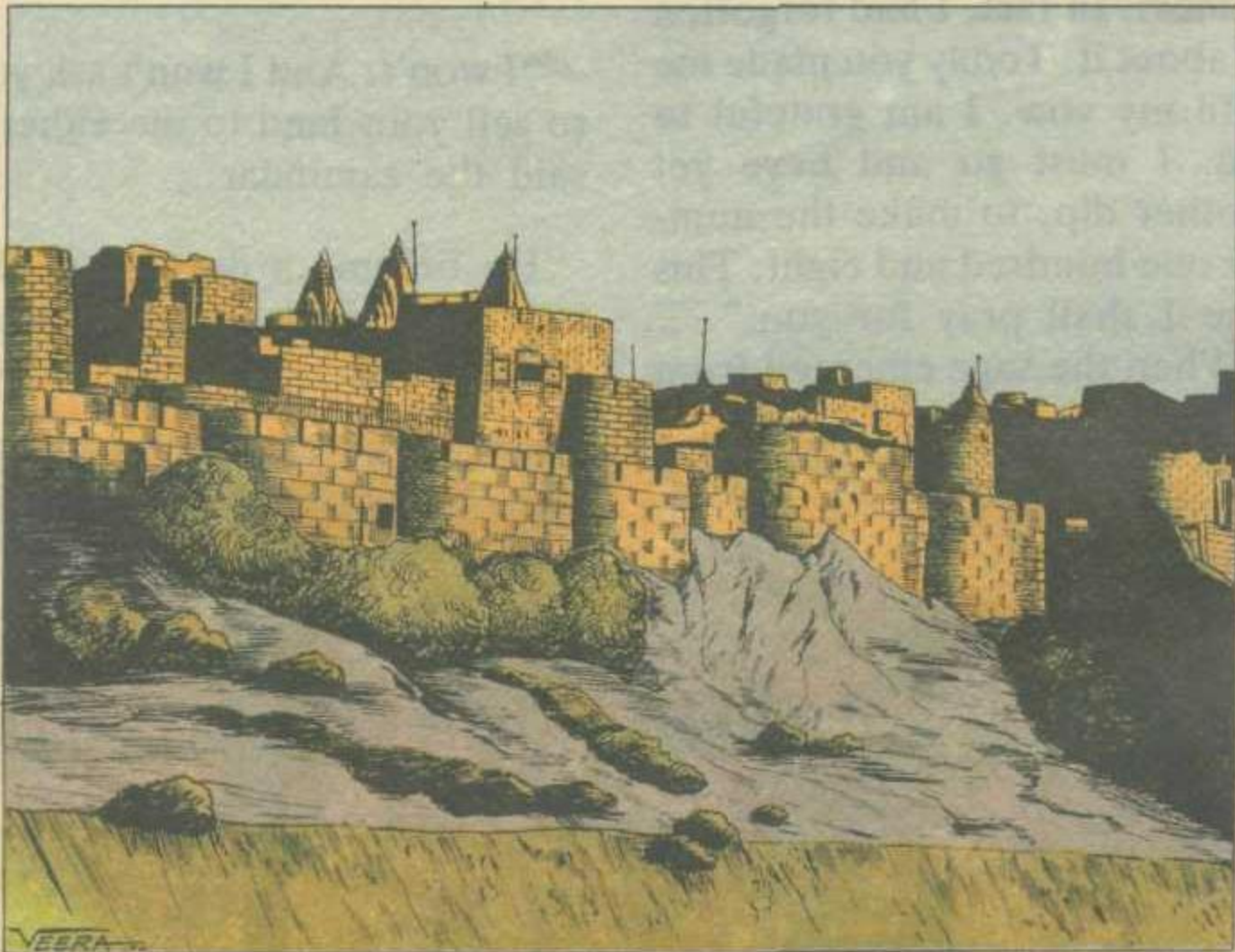




## JAISALMAR FORT

Amidst the deserts of Rajasthan are to be found forts and castles of impressive size. One such is the fort of Jaisalmar, 287 km from the city of Jodhpur and rather close to the border with Pakistan.

The fort, built by Prince Jaisal (whose name it bears), is situated on the Trikuta hills. One enters it through the *Suraj Pol* or the Gate of the Sun. Inside is a seven-storied palace, beautiful with its umbrella-shaped attics and carved balconies and cupolas. There is a well here which is much older than the fort. Legend says it had been dug at the instance of Sri Krishna.







## *TWO PHYSICIANS*

In the city of Puri lived a famous physician named Viswanath Acharya. He was highly learned in Ayurveda. That is why many young people who aspired to practise medicine sought to become his students. But Acharya never took more than two students at a time. Thereby he could give his personal attention to each of them.

Once two young men from Balasore enrolled themselves as his students. They were Vimal and Chandrabhanu. Viswanath was pleased to see that Vimal was not only intelligent, but also highly studious. Soon the young man mastered the art of diagnosing diseases accurately and prescribing the right medicines. Viswanath also observed that Vimal was honest and truthful.

Chandrabhanu was not so keen to study the original works on Ayurveda. But he was clever. He watched the guru's methods of treatment with a keen eye. He got by heart the formulae of treatment for the most common diseases.

Viswanath was sure that Vimal will shine as a great physician. At the same time, he knew that Chandrabhanu will be able to maintain himself through his practice.

Five years passed. The two disciples completed their studies and returned to their town. They set up separate dispensaries and began to practise.

In those olden days communication was not easy. At the beginning the two young physicians sent letters to their guru through pilgrims. As time pas-







sed, that stopped.

After four years a merchant from Balasore who came to Puri on pilgrimage fell ill and went to Viswanath Acharya for treatment. Acharya cured him. When the merchant took leave of him, Acharya said, "Should there be any problem, you may consult Vimal Mishra, my worthy disciple, who lives in your town."

The merchant nodded and said, "Sir, I had heard your praise from him. But how do you advise me to go to him? He is about to give up his practice and take to teachership in a Sanskrit School."

"What! Are you speaking of Vimal Mishra?"

"Yes, sir," replied the merchant.

"What about Chandrabhanu Dash?" asked Viswanath.

"He has a roaring practice!" reported the merchant.

Viswanath was surprised. For long he had a desire to go on a pilgrimage to the temple of Gopinath at Remuna near Balasore. He set out on his journey and reached Balasore and straight went to Vimal's house.

He heard Vimal talking to a patient, "Is this called disease? All you have to do is apply some sandalwood paste to your forehead and drink a glass of lemon water in the morning. What you call disease will disappear in a week. You may go!"

The patient, on coming to the verandah, saw Viswanath. Unable to control his disappointment, he told Viswanath, "Look here. I walked four miles in this hot summer with my disease and this physician said nothing different from what my old grandmother had said. Imagine this man learning Ayurveda under Viswanath Acharya of Puri! My bad luck!"



Viswanath tapped on the door and Vimal came out. He prostrated himself to his guru and was overwhelmed with joy.

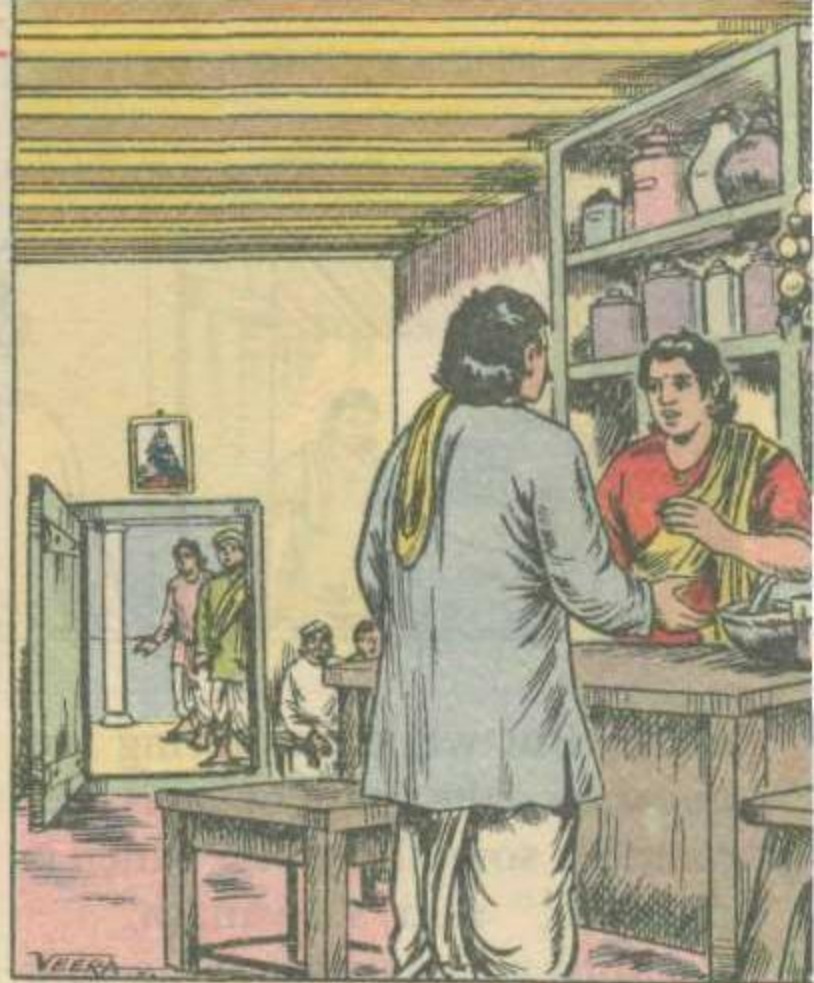
"Let me meet Chandrabhanu. Then I will take rest in the house of either of you," said Viswanath.

Both walked to Chandrabhanu's house which was nearby. There were several patients waiting in Chandrabhanu's verandah for the physician's assistant to give them medicines. The patient who had met Vimal a moment ago was talking to Chandrabhanu inside his dispensary. They heard Chandrabhanu saying, "You have come to me at the right time. It is said that a small disease is the father of a big disease. But we will not allow your small problem to grow big. Don't worry. I will give you one paste and one tonic. Take them regularly for a fortnight. You will find yourself as smart as a colt!"

"Thank you, physician sir!" said the patient.

"Tell me, do you sleep all right? Do you dream?" asked Chandrabhanu.

In the verandah Vimal could not contain himself. He asked



his guru in a whisper, "Sir, what relevance has dream to his ailment? Or for that matter, why should the patient be told that a small disease could be the father of a big one?"

Viswanath smiled and said, "No relevance. From another angle, much relevance."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the statement that small disease can lead to a big one is not wrong. The question is, why should it be said. Look here, Vimal, you have to establish a relationship with the patient. How can you do that but through talks? Dreams have no relevance with this patient's ail-





ment. But while answering the question, the patient may remember something else which is relevant," said Viswanath.

"Must we go on speaking with the patient even when we are sure of the ailment?" asked Vimal.

"Yes, as long as necessary for the patient to feel sure that you have studied his case very

well. Your diagnosis may be correct, your medicine may be exact. But if the patient has no faith in you, the cure will be delayed. Remember, the ultimate physician is the patient's faith; Neither you nor your medicine," explained the guru.

Vimal understood. He changed his technique of treatment. Soon he prospered well.

## LUCKIER THAN RINI

"Wonderful it is to become a cow!" commented little Rini.

"Why do you say so?" asked her elder brother.

"You refused to give me a second chewing gum, but look at that cow there I don't know how she manages to get a continuous supply of chewing gum!" explained Rini pointing her finger at the cow busy chewing the cud.







## THE BRAVE BURGLAR!

**B**havin was a burglar. He trained his nephew Bhagwan in burglary and began taking him along with him in his nocturnal mission.

"You have to be more courageous, more clever, if you are to become as successful a thief like me," said Bhavin and he was never tired of repeating this.

"Uncle, if you are as courageous as you say you are, then why don't you burgle the house of Jairaj?" One day Bhagwan put the question to his guardian and master.

The question was quite challenging, for Jairaj of a neigh-

bouring village was known to be a fearless and at the same time short-tempered fellow. In fact everybody in that area feared him.

"Very well, nephew, we proceed to burgle his house tonight itself," said Bhavin.

It was midnight, but being a full-moon night, the two burglars could see everything clearly. They had been spying around Jairaj's house right from the sunset. They knew that Jairaj was not at home.

"Uncle, everything seems quiet now. But I am feeling awfully hungry. I must first eat," said Bhagwan.





“Sonny, help yourself to your satisfaction in Jairaj’s kitchen. I will do the burgling,” said Bhavin confidently.

To their pleasant surprise, they found that the doors had not been locked. The fact is, that was a day of some religious festivity. Jairaj had been to attend a ceremony at a distant shrine. Both he and his wife had fasted for the day. The wife had not only cooked some delicious items for her husband to eat when he returned, but also had laid out the dishes on the floor. Then she had fallen asleep, waiting for him.

Bhavin entered the main

room of the house while Bhagwan tiptoed into the kitchen. From his experience he understood that the woman was fast asleep. He sat down and made good use of the items which as if only awaited him!

He had just finished everything clean when he heard someone coughing and coming in with heavy steps. “Meera!” a voice called out. Bhagwan understood that Jairaj had arrived.

He climbed to the attic and hid himself behind a rice-bag.

“I’m hungry!” announced Jairaj.

“Naturally,” said his wife who had woken up. “You have not taken a morsel of food for a full day! Here is food. I hope, you like it,” said the lady pointing her hand at the empty dishes.

Jairaj stared at the dishes. His eyes grew red with anger. “Where is my food?” he demanded.

“Well...” his wife could hardly say anything more. She was surprised to find the items missing.

“Who ate my food?” demanded Jairaj.

“I don’t know. I had fallen



asleep for a little while. Bhagwan must have eaten the food!" she stammered out. Needless to say, by Bhagwan she meant God.

"I will beat you and show you how Bhagwan eats!" roared Jairaj. He picked up a stick.

Bhagwan jumped from the attic. Jairaj was astonished beyond limit.

"What do you say, you fool? Bhagwan can't eat, is it?" asked Bhagwan, matching the voice of Jairaj in volume.

Jairaj stood blinking at him. "I have eaten your food. Help your good wife to cook once again for you," said Bhagwan and walked out majestically.

"Good God! Here was a thief! What are you doing? Why don't you catch him? You are

supposed to be brave, aren't you?" the lady teased her husband.

The unexpected appearance of the young thief and his dignified bearing had left Jairaj bewildered. By the time he went out, the two burglars were gone.

Bhavin had not been able to lay his hand on a single coin. But Bhagwan had had a good meal. What is more, he had snubbed a famous rowdy and walked out of his house in his full view!

"You are a brave boy, indeed!" Bhavin admitted.

"Uncle, I propose to put my bravery to some better use," said Bhagwan. He left burglary and joined the king's army.

Jairaj, the rowdy, was found to have grown a humbler man.





# UNDEFEATED

THE ONLY WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION TO HAVE BEEN UNDEFEATED IN HIS CAREER (1947-56) WAS ROCKY MARCIANO

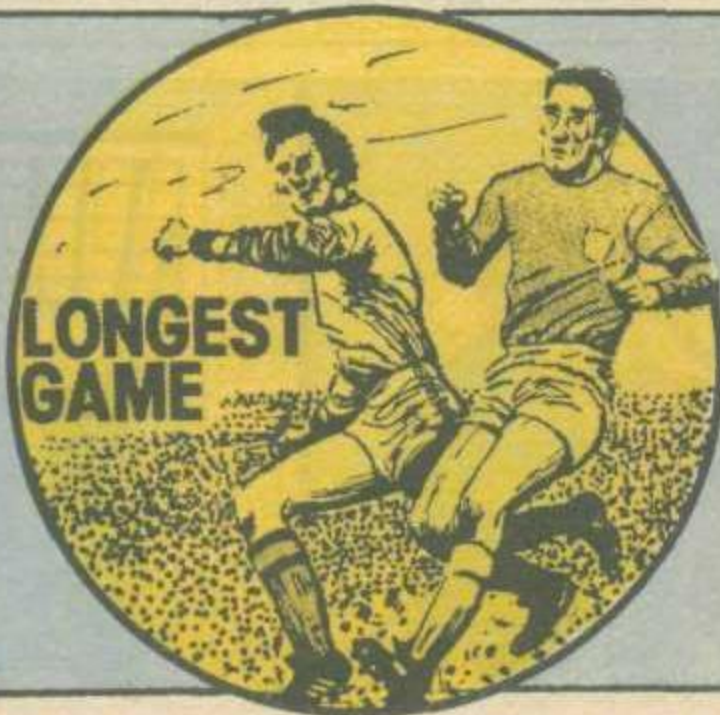
## 'EMPTY HANDED'

KARATE IS A JAPANESE WORD MEANING LITERALLY "EMPTY HANDED". A FORM OF KARATE WAS PLAYED BY THE ANCIENT GREEKS. ALEXANDER THE GREAT IS SAID TO HAVE BROUGHT THE SPORT TO ASIA IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.



## LONGEST GAME

THE LONGEST EVER FOOTBALL MATCH WAS THAT PLAYED BETWEEN SANTOS, BRAZIL AND PENAROL, MONTEVIDEO, IN 1962. IT LASTED 3½ HOURS AND RESULTED IN A DRAW.







## Flying Mammal

THE BAT IS THE ONLY MAMMAL CAPABLE OF TRUE FLIGHT.

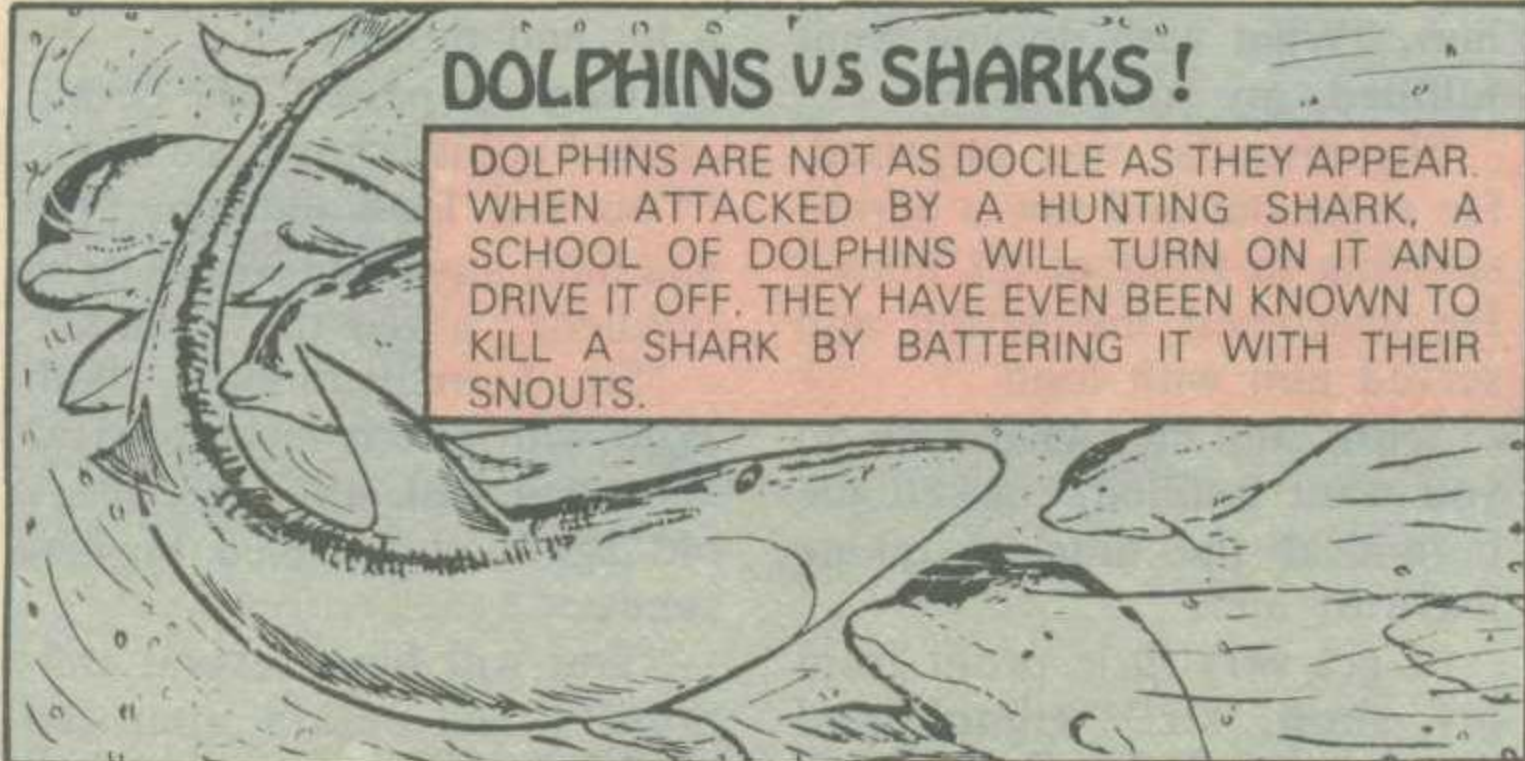


## A GIANT NEST

THE AUSTRALIAN MAL-LEE FOWL BUILDS A GREAT MOUND—ABOUT 15FT (4.5M) IN DIAMETER—TO LAY ITS EGGS IN.

## DOLPHINS vs SHARKS!

DOLPHINS ARE NOT AS DOCILE AS THEY APPEAR. WHEN ATTACKED BY A HUNTING SHARK, A SCHOOL OF DOLPHINS WILL TURN ON IT AND DRIVE IT OFF. THEY HAVE EVEN BEEN KNOWN TO KILL A SHARK BY BATTERING IT WITH THEIR SNOUTS.







## THE TRUE NEED

**S**hyamsundar shouted at his wife, "Not even one of my wishes is fulfilled!"

That was nothing unusual. He often shouted at his wife like this. He struggled hard, but never got enough.

But that day someone asked him, "What wish do you want fulfilled, my son?"

Shyamsundar was surprised. He came out and saw a hermit standing in front of his house. He welcomed the hermit and served him with food.

"Now, tell me, what wish do you want fulfilled?" asked the hermit at the time of taking leave of him.

"I get very little profit from my shop, sir!" complained

Shyamsundar.

"You will have more profit from today," assured the hermit. "I will come five years after."

Indeed, there was a sudden turn for the better in Shyamsundar's business. He began to earn a lot and prosper.

Five years passed. The hermit arrived at his house once again. "You still look unhappy. Do you have any more wishes to be fulfilled?" asked the hermit.

"Sir, I am without a child. Who will inherit my property? Who will look after me in my old age?" complained Shyamsundar.

"You will have several children. I will return after ten



years," said the hermit. He blessed Shyamsundar and went away.

Ten years passed. The hermit was back. Shyamsundar's household was full of laughter, noise and cries. He had five children.

"My son, you still look unhappy! What more do you need?" asked the hermit.

"What is the use of all the money and family if I remain an ordinary man, like thousands of others?" complained Shyamsundar.

"That it to say, you want position. You will have it. I will be back after fifteen years!" said the hermit. He blessed Shyamsundar and departed.

Fifteen years later it was difficult for the hermit to recognise Shyamsundar, for the latter had grown old and was looking hag-

gard. But he had become the most important man in the locality. It was because soon after the hermit's last visit, he had been appointed the king's viceroy for the area.

"Why are you still unhappy?" asked the hermit.

"Where is peace and contentment, sir? My children rarely obey me. My wife is sick. People for whom I have done everything criticise me at the earliest opportunity!" complained Shyamsundar.

"So, what do you wish to have now?" asked the hermit.

"Peace and contentment, sir!" asked the hermit.

The hermit laughed. "You should have asked me for this boon thirty years ago!"

Shyamsundar stood silent, his head hung and with tears in his eyes.





## RELUCTANT TO RUN

The King of Sumanpur needed an officer who would realise taxes from the people of a distant area and bring them to the royal treasury.

"We need a man who will be honest and young. The frontier area is a tough place. An elderly officer may not be able to travel to the capital frequently," said the minister.

"You can find any number of young men, but how to know who is honest?" asked the King.

"We will find out that too," said the minister.

He asked five eligible young men to meet him while he sat inside a certain old building. There was a dark passage leading to the courtyard where he sat. The young men were sent by the guard one after another. When all had come, the minister asked them if they would agree to run around him ten or twelve times. Only one young man named Suresh was ready to do that.

The minister led him to the king and said, "Kindly appoint this young man to the post."

What the minister had done is this: In the dark passage he threw four or five dazzling coins every time. Each of the candidates picked them up, only Suresh did not. That is why they were not ready to run lest the coins in their pockets will jingle.







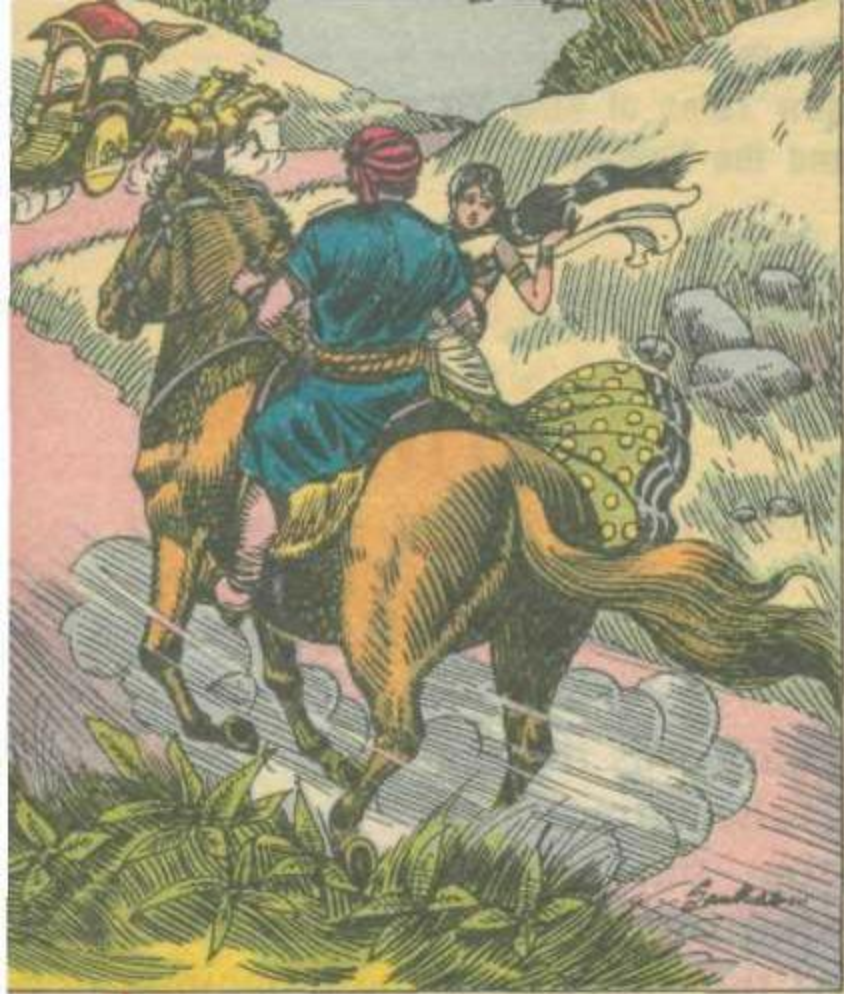
New Tales of King Vikram  
and the Vampire

## THE PRINCESS IN THE WILDERNESS

**D**ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the nearby forests. At the intervals of the moaning of jackals and the roars of thunder could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I wonder what makes you take such pains at this unearthly hour. Are you by any chance after any princess? The mood of a princess can be quite unpredictable. Let me narrate to you the story of





Princess Prabhakanti. Pay attention to my narration. That may bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Prabhakanti, the daughter of the king of Vinika, was extremely beautiful. Eligible princes of the neighbouring kingdoms were eager to win her hand in marriage. But the princess used to summarily reject the proposals that reached her. The reason was known only to her parents. She wanted to marry Prince Vasantsen of Tamrapalli.

One day the princess, accompanied by her maids, went to a

forest. No, it was not a garden near the palace, but real wilderness at the kingdom's frontier. The princess desired to have a thrill of the unknown.

After a few hours the princess got into her chariot in order to return home. But before the charioteer and the maids had taken their seats in the chariot, trumpets of a herd of elephants were heard. The herd was heading in the direction of the chariot. The horses attached to the chariot got panicky. They dragged the chariot away with the princess alone in it.

The princess did not know what to do. Since there was no charioteer to control them, the horses ran amuck. At one place the chariot was about to topple.

Suddenly there appeared a horseman on the scene. He hastened his horse close to the chariot with great caution and took hold of the princess. The horses continued to run with the empty chariot.

The princess thanked the young rider and asked him, "Who are you? What work do you have in the forest?"

The rider was hesitant for a moment. Then he said, "I do



not feel like lying to you. My name is Prabir Singh."

"Are you Prabir Singh the bandit who is a terror in the frontiers between our kingdom and Madhupur?"

Prabir Singh hung his head and said, "I understand that you are Princess Prabhakanti. Well, I must confess that I am the bandit. At this moment I am ready to give up my practice if..."

"If what?" asked the princess.

"If I could marry you," replied the bandit.

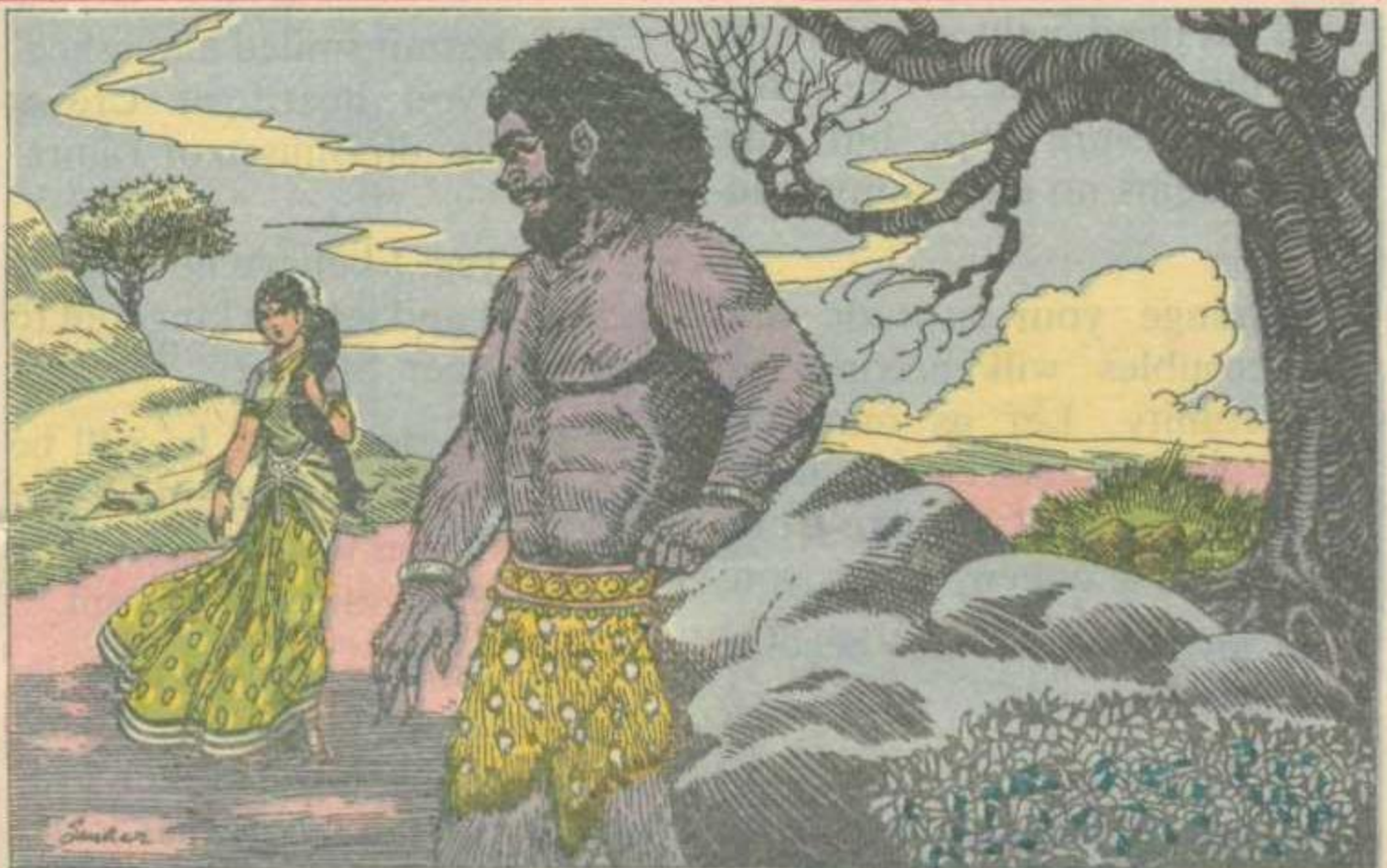
"That is not possible," said the princess in a gentle but firm

voice.

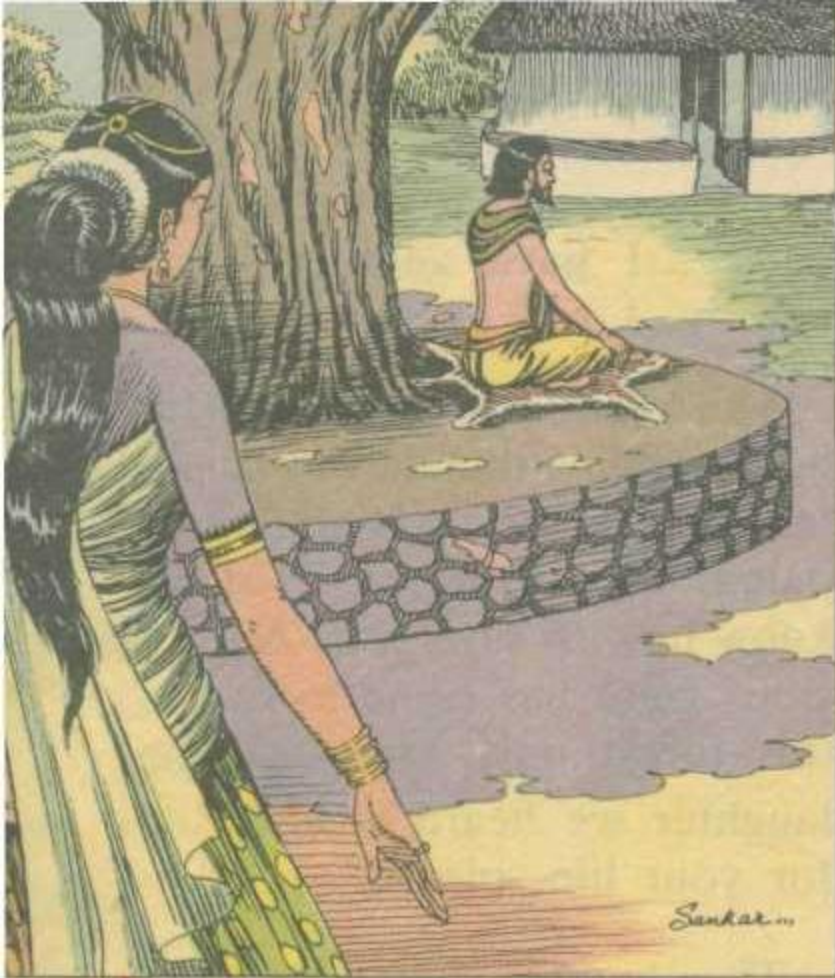
"I'm sorry. Very well. Come on, let me escort you to the palace. I have another horse nearby. I will fetch it."

The bandit had just turned his horse when a thunderous laughter was heard. The bandit's face paled. "O Princess, I don't know how to save you. A ferocious giant has come to live in this forest only recently. The laughter we heard is his. Run for your life, please!"

The bandit ran away, but before the princess could begin to run, the giant arrived on the spot and came to an abrupt halt







as his eyes fell on the princess.

"Who are you?" asked the giant.

"I am the daughter of the king of Vinika. I came to the forest on a pleasure trip, but now there seems no end to my troubles."

"Change your attitude and the troubles will become an opportunity. Let us marry. I have cavefuls of treasure at my disposal. Should you like to be known as a queen, I can conquer any kingdom and become the king over it."

"Thank you, giant, but your proposal is not acceptable to

me. You can eat me up, if you so wish," said the princess.

"Am I such a bad giant as to eat up a beauty like you? Go your way and I go my way." The giant disappeared into the dense forest in a few bounds.

The princess walked in a direction which looked less wild. Soon she was happy to find herself in front of a solitary cottage. Before the cottage, under a tree, a young hermit sat in meditation. At the sound of the footfalls of the princess the hermit opened his eyes. He looked at the princess with surprise and wanted to know who she was. The princess told him all that had happened.

The hermit smiled and asked, "Have you heard of Crown Prince Vividh Bhusan of Tamrapalli?"

"Oh yes. I believe he became a hermit and left his kingdom to his younger brother."

"That's right. But he will be happy to reclaim the throne for himself if you would agree to be his queen," said the hermit.

The princess realised that she was face to face with Vividh Bhusan. She lowered her eyes and said, "Oh Yogi, that is not



possible. I have decided to marry your younger brother, Prince Vasantsen."

"I see. In that case you can spend the night here. I shall guide you to Vinika in the morning," said the prince-turned hermit.

The princess agreed to the proposal. Just then a rider who looked like a king came there and told the hermit, "Sir, I'm the king of Dhundhudesh. I lost my way. At last I have found it, but I am awfully thirsty."

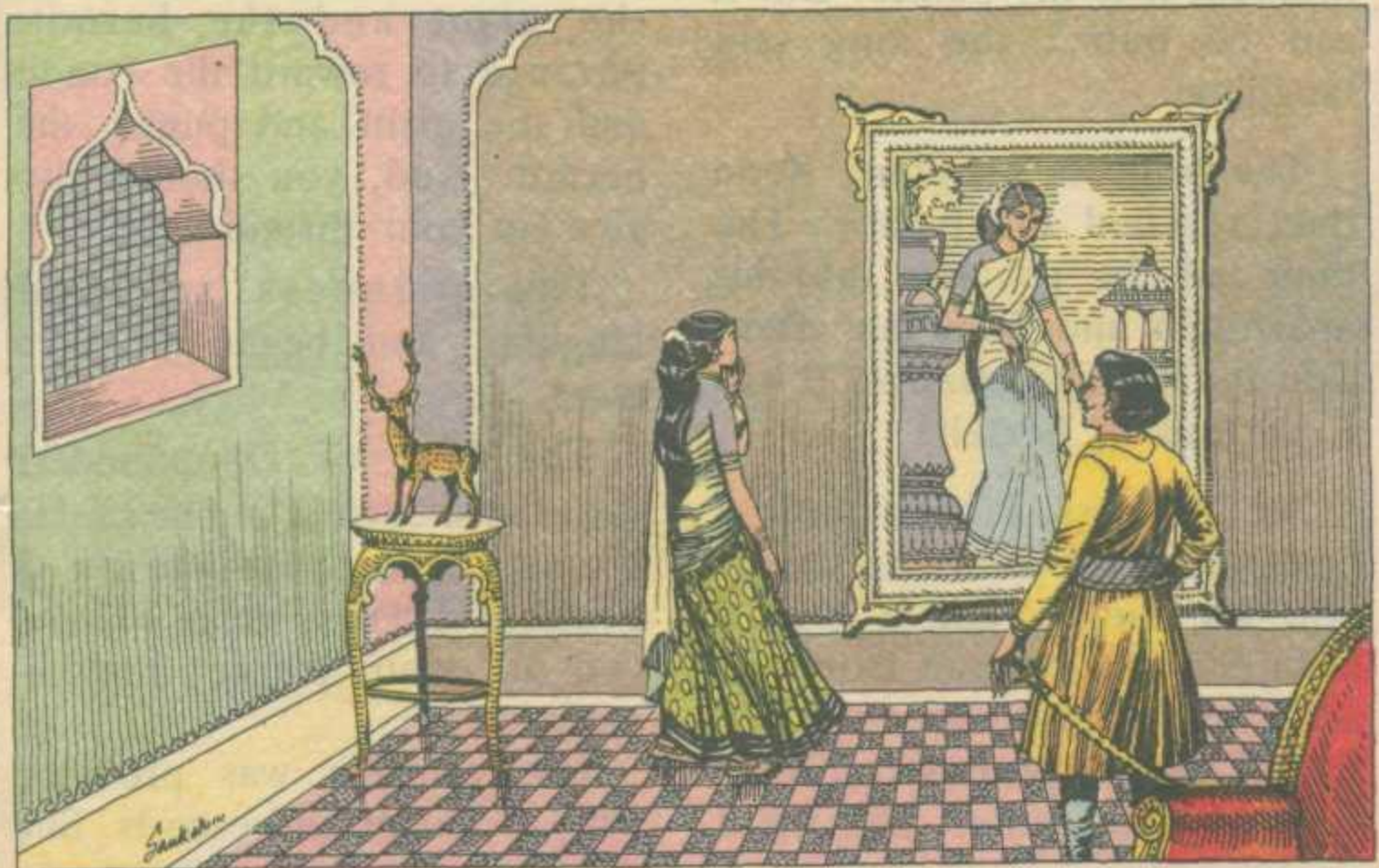
"Here is excellent drinking water," said the hermit, showing the king a jar. After the king

had quenched his thirst, the hermit said, "Like you, this princess also lost her way. Can you take her to Vinika?"

The king of Dhundhudesh gave a start. Then he gazed at the princess and said, "I will do so gladly."

He led the princess to his horse. The princess looked at the hermit with some disgust, but was obliged to ride the same horse along with the king of Dhundhudesh.

The king galloped away. But instead of proceeding towards Vinika, he rode towards Dhundhudesh. "Is this the way to our







palace?" asked the princess.

"Yes, to our palace. At the moment it is my palace. But it can be ours," the king said laughing.

The princess sat glum. Soon they reached the palace. The king led the princess into his apartment and drew her attention at a life-size painting. It was a portrait of herself!

"O Princess Prabhakanti! I have nursed a desire to marry you for long. That is why I obtained this portrait from the artist in your father's court. In fact, I sent a proposal accordingly to your father. But there

was no response from him—I don't know why. Now, I have my golden chance. We will marry tomorrow."

"Oh no, that's impossible," said the princess.

"Impossible? I will make it possible. If necessary, I can give a fight to your father and defeat him!"

The princess laughed. The king was astonished. "Why do you laugh?" he asked.

"Listen to me, you king of Dhundhadesh. I am helpless. Hence you can forcibly marry me. But before you do such a thing, I suggest that you summon Prabir Singh the bandit, the giant and the hermit. Arrange to reward the bandit and the giant and punish the hermit. And, you should also give up your throne."

The princess stopped laughing and began to shed tears.

The king of Dhundhadesh stood in silence. Then he said in a tender voice, "Pardon me, O Princess. I will arrange to send you to your palace immediately."

The princess was provided with a chariot and escorts. She



left for Vinika.

The vampire fell silent. After a moment, he demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone. "Why did the princess laugh? While she proposed that the bandit and the giant be rewarded, why did she wish the hermit to be punished? Why did she shed tears? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck.

Answered King Vikram forthwith: "The cause of the princess laughing is not different from the cause of her shedding tears. It was the irony of fate. She came to the forest to enjoy it. But what an ordeal awaited her! However, the basic question is different. The bandit and the giant both proved cour-

teous. They never insisted on marrying her. Hence they should be rewarded. The hermit should be punished because he acted in a most irresponsible way. He handed over the charge of the princess to a stranger, without ascertaining the latter's nature! It was utterly unworthy of him because he knew that the princess was to marry his younger brother. That is why he deserved to be punished.

"The king of Dhundhadesh was expected to protect a lady who had come under his charge. Instead, he was about to act like a tyrant. That is why the princess suggested that he should give up his throne."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





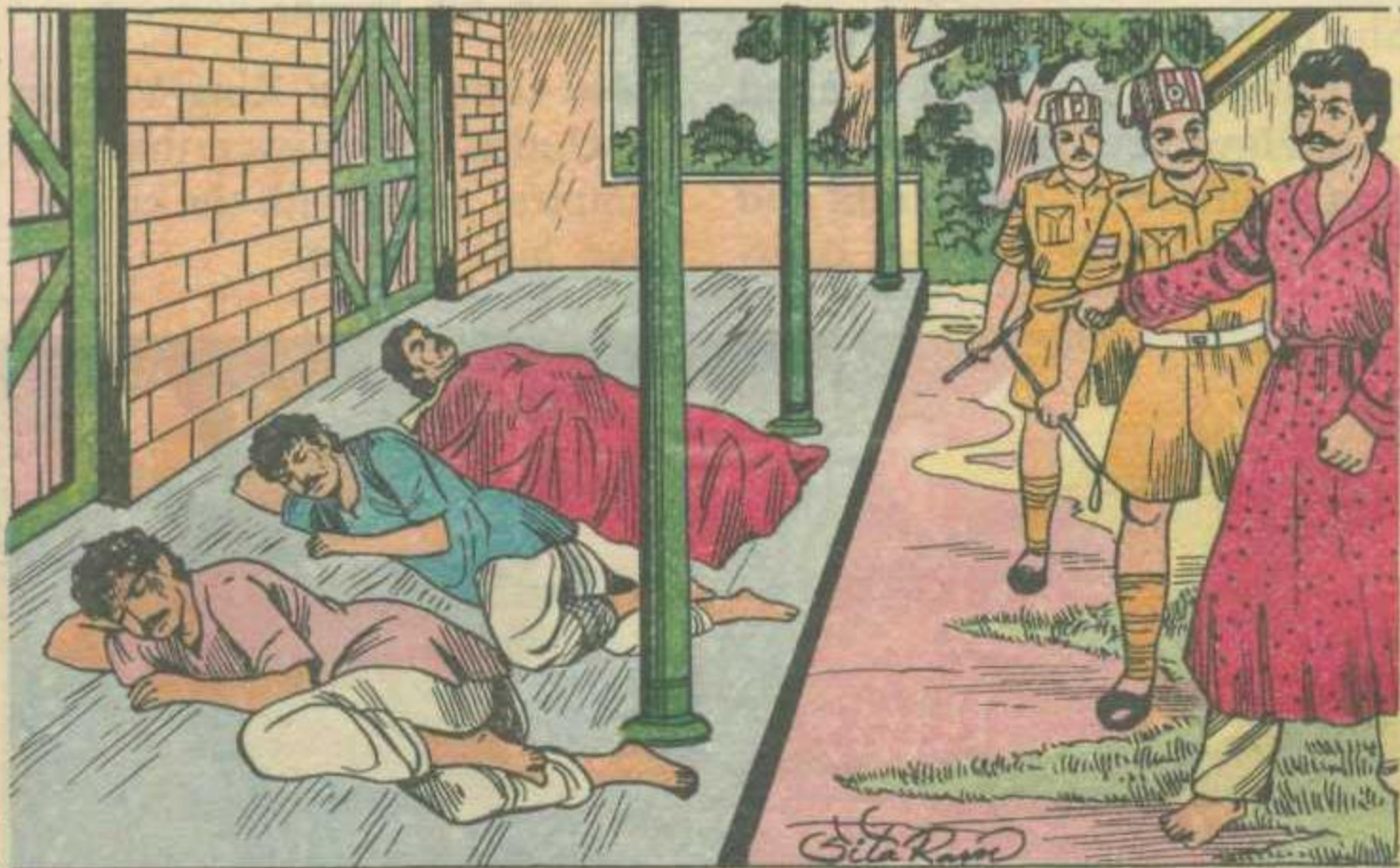
# OVERNIGHT ACHIEVEMENT

Three thieves after serving a term in the prison, were released one evening. A winter night was approaching and they had no place to go at night. They lay down on the prison verandah.

The Kotwal's house was opposite the prison. He found the three men shivering in cold even in their sleep. He brought out three blankets and threw one on each.

At midnight the Kotwal observed that the thief at the extreme left had deprived the other two sleeping fellows of their blankets and was using all the three himself. A little later it was seen that while he had fallen asleep, the thief at the middle had deprived him of all the three blankets. In the morning it was seen that the thief at the extreme right had all the blankets on him.

The Kotwal shouted to the jail-guards, "Throw the fellows into the prison once again. Each has earned another prison term overnight!"





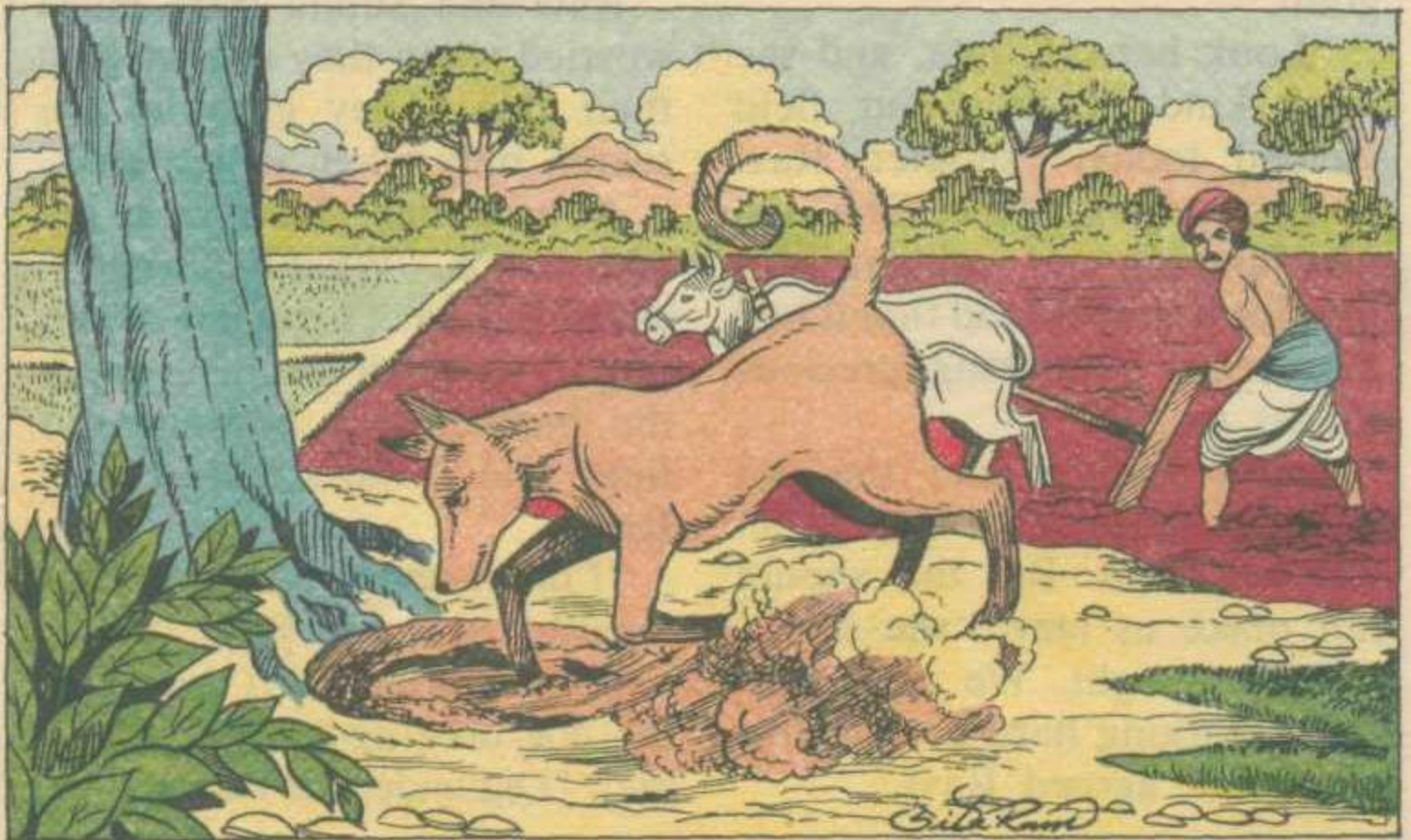
## THE LOST DOG

**L**ong long ago in a certain village lived a couple, Ravi and Sujata. They were liked by all because they were warm-hearted and generous. They worked hard in their fields, but if they had anything more than they needed, they gave it away to others in need. They had a faithful dog. It was as smart as it was intelligent.

Did I say that they were liked by all? Well, there were exceptions. Sheila and Vijay, a couple in their neighbourhood were awfully jealous of them simply

because the villagers praised them. They said all sorts of things to spoil their reputation, but to no avail. Nobody believed a word spoken against Ravi and Sujata.

One day Ravi was ploughing his field. His dog was running about joyfully. Suddenly it began to bark while scratching the earth under a tree. It was time for Ravi to return home for his mid-day meal. He called out to his dog, but it would run between its master and the spot it was scratching.







Curious, Ravi dug at the spot. What should come out but a brass pot filled with pieces of gold!

"Look here, Sujata, and see what kind of crop our field yielded today!" shouted Ravi upon reaching home. The dog was jumping and romping with joy, for it understood that it had discovered something precious for its master.

Sujata looked into the pot and was surprised. "This is an excellent find. But this should not make us lazy," she said.

"That's right. We must continue working hard despite this windfall," agreed Ravi.

Naturally, their condition changed. They built a fine house and gave more and more in charity. When the villagers grew curious to know how they became so wealthy, they did not hide anything from them.

Sheila passed sleepless nights. Then, one night, she told her husband, "Let us see if Ravi's dog can sniff and find out some more buried treasure!"

Ravi and Sujata were not at home. Vijay enticed the dog with a loaf of bread and led it to his field. But the dog sniffed at nothing, took interest in nothing. Annoyed, Vijay killed it and buried it under a banyan tree beside the road.

Ravi and Sujata were much worried when they did not find their dog. They gave up the search only when it was dark.

At mid-night Ravi woke up with a start. "What happened?" asked Sujata. "I dreamt of our dog. It says that it is lying under the banyan tree between our field and Vijay's field," said Ravi.

"I don't understand what this means," said Sujata.

A week later, Ravi dreamt of the dog once again. This time it said, "Dig under the banyan tree.



My bones, meanwhile, have become a mirror. Ask it for anything and you will get it."

This time Ravi and Sujata could not ignore the dream. They dug as advised early in the morning and found a mirror. Now they were sure that someone had killed their dog and buried it. In that sorrow, they forgot to ask the mirror for anything.

It was harvest time and both Ravi and Sujata were tired. Holding the mirror, Sujata said, "I wish we had some helping hands!"

Little did she know that the magic mirror would take it as an order. Through their window

they saw some strangers busy working in their field. Within minutes they finished their work and deposited the crop in front of their house.

Ravi and Sujata were delighted. "Let us have a good meal," said Ravi, holding the mirror. Instantly delicious dishes were spread out before them.

This was observed by Sheila who was passing by their house. That very night she and her husband stole the mirror and started ordering it about. But nothing happened. They dashed the mirror on the ground and threw the broken glasses into Ravi's compound.

Ravi and Sujata were very sad





over their lost mirror, but they soon forgot about it and went on labouring as usual. One night the dog appeared to Ravi once again in his dream and said, "Tomorrow the king is to pass through your village. There are some broken glasses lying behind your house. Collect them and shower them on the king."

"Should I do such a thing?" wondered Ravi.

"Our dog has never said anything which has not been good for us. So, let us do what it asked us to do," advised Sujata.

The village folk flanked the road long before the king was to pass by. Ravi and Sujata also stood among them. As the king rode by them, they hurled the glass pieces upon him. Amazingly, they turned into wonderful roses. The king was deeply touched. He stopped and

greeted Ravi and Sujata with smiles and rewarded them. Sheila and Vijay burnt within themselves in envy. At noon Vijay stealthily entered Ravi's compound and collected the remaining glass pieces. In the evening the king was on his return journey. Vijay threw the glass splinters on them. One splinter made a small cut on the king's left cheek.

The royal procession came to a halt. The king's bodyguards pounced upon Vijay and dragged him with them. Sheila wept and ran behind the prisoner.

In the court Vijay and Sheila confessed to all their mischiefs. The king ordered them to settle down in another village so that they will find no more chance to harass Ravi and Sujata.

*-Retold by Sunanda Reddy.*





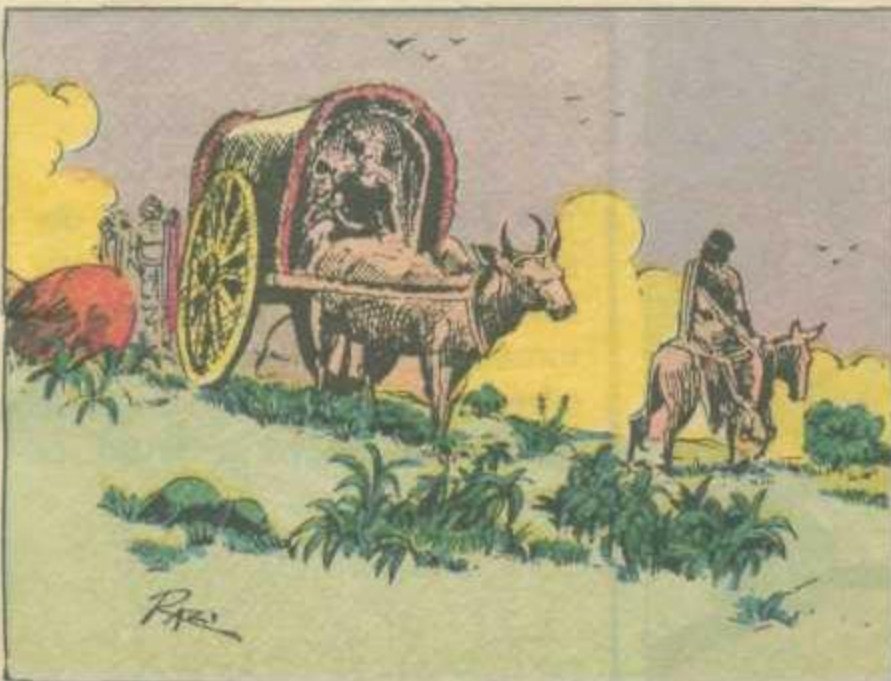


CLASSIC STORIES OF INDIA

## THE GOLDEN ANKLET (3)

(Story so far): The merchant-prince Kovalan of Poompuhar married Kannaki, but deserted her for Madhavi a dancing girl. Kannaki spent her forlorn and sad days without a murmur.

The prosperous city went festive on the occasion of an important ceremony. Kovalan and Madhavi looked at the colourful procession from their mansion and decided to share the festive atmosphere.



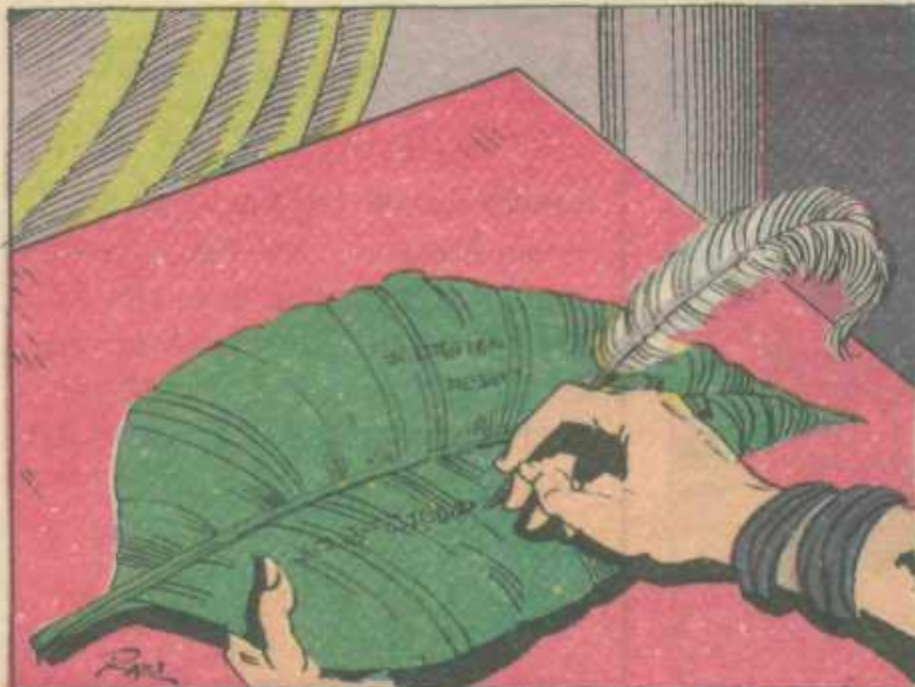
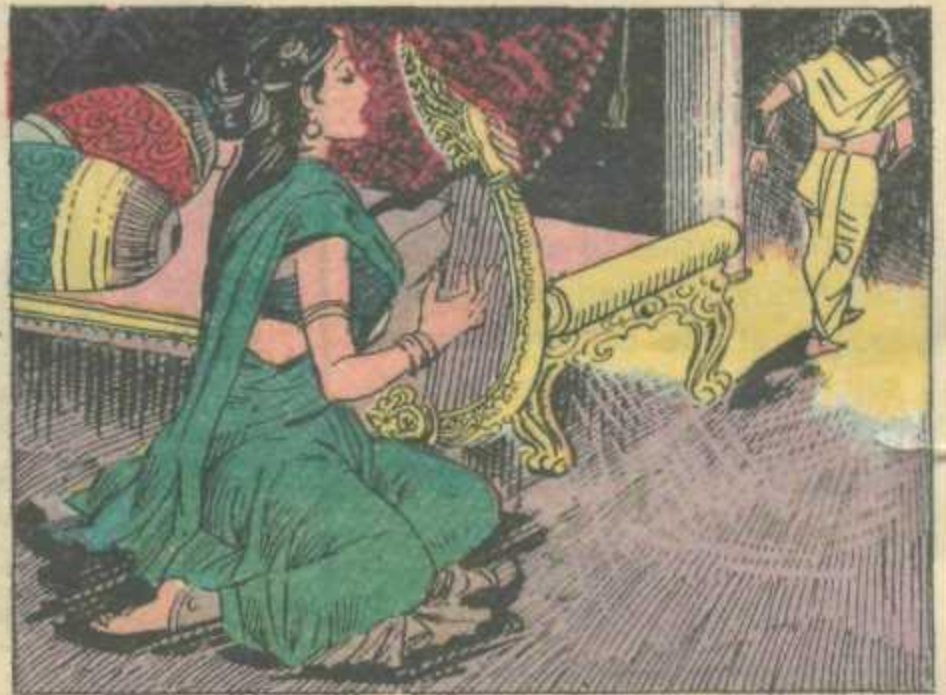
Kovalan rode his favourite mule while Madhavi rode her carriage drawn by bullocks. Servants followed them. They passed by crowds of princes and noblemen. Arches decorated the roads. All looked happy.





On the seashore, they chose a solitary place. Their servants hung a canopy and under it made a chamber with screens. They also spread a bed for Kovalan to relax. And then Madhavi began to sing.

Suddenly Kovalan read a different meaning in the words sung by Madhavi. While Madhavi loved him and him alone, Kovalan suspected that through her songs she remembered some other lover. He quietly left the place.



The fact that Kovalan had deserted her, struck Madhavi a little later. She was shocked. She returned home alone and wept bitterly. She called her favourite maid and wrote a letter to Kovalan.



As Kovalan approached his own home, the maid gave him Madhavi's message and the garland. But he refused to accept them. The memory of Kannaki had suddenly begun to torment him. He continued walking.



At last he reached his home. Kannaki, looking pale, receives him with a sad smile. The repentant Kovalan understands that his household was in ruins. He apologises to Kannaki.

Kovalan was reluctant to live in Poompuhar any longer. He desired to begin his life anew—in some other city. But he had no money with which to launch a new business. Kannaki showed him her precious pair of anklets.







Kovalan is happy. "Let us go to Madurai—the grand old city—before it is dawn," he tells Kannaki. "This pair of anklets will become the capital for my new venture. I will never be a fool again."

It is still dark. Kannaki locks the house. They step out to the road. Leaving the familiar city splashed by the waves of the sea and blessed by the river Kaveri, they keep walking.



Madurai is far away. They two pass their nights in temple courtyards or inns and continue walking during the day. Crossing forests and rivers on their way, they proceed towards their destination.

—To continue.



## FIRST AID :

MOVING AN  
INJURED PERSON

by Dr. R. Jagannath

**W**hen Uncle Ram and the children were ready for the first aid class Kumud began by asking Uncle Ram, "Last time you were telling us about the use of splints for fractures, Uncle. Do we always need to use a splint when we suspect a fracture?"

Uncle Ram replied, "Well, in certain parts of the body like the arm or the leg, the fractured limb may be effectively kept immobile by binding it to the body or to another limb. In

fracture of the arm, the arm may be bandaged to the side of the body and movements of the lower fragment prevented by keeping the wrist fixed in a sling from the neck. When there is a fracture at the elbow, the whole limb may be bandaged to the body, with sufficient padding in between. Similarly, when there is a fracture in a leg, the affected leg can be bound to the uninjured leg with a lot of padding to fill the gaps, so that the other leg acts as a splint. In fractures







of the hip or the thigh, it is better that the whole body is supported by a hard plank of wood or stretcher."

"Are broken bones dangerous, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

"In compound fractures, there is the risk of infection. When a large bone such as that of the thigh is broken, there is the possibility of internal bleeding, so that the victim may gradually reach a serious condition. Such cases need careful watching and if the person becomes pale and the pulse becomes feeble and fast, they must reach the hospital in a hurry; in the meantime, the foot end of

the victim's bed or stretcher should be kept at a level higher than the head. Fractures of the back-bone or the spine can be dangerous, since the spine carries the bundle of nerves that supply the body."

"How do we know that the spine is injured, Uncle?" asked Kumud.

"By the nature of the injury or by any deformity that may be marked. In addition, injuries to the spine may result in loss of sensation, that is, numbness of the parts beyond the injury. It may also result in paralysis or inability to move those parts. You can ask the victim to move his fingers or toes and also check where he can feel the touch when he is touched in the limbs. If you suspect any injury to the spine, utmost care is needed in handling and moving the victim," said Uncle Ram.

"How do we move those injured in the spine, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

"Unless it is absolutely necessary, a person whose spine is injured should not be moved. If expert-help or ambulance can be summoned immediately, he should be left in the position in



which he is. Only if there is some danger of further injury to the person in that place, such as in a burning house or on a busy road, should we try to move the person away from the danger. This should be done in a way so that this causes the least possible movement to the spine."

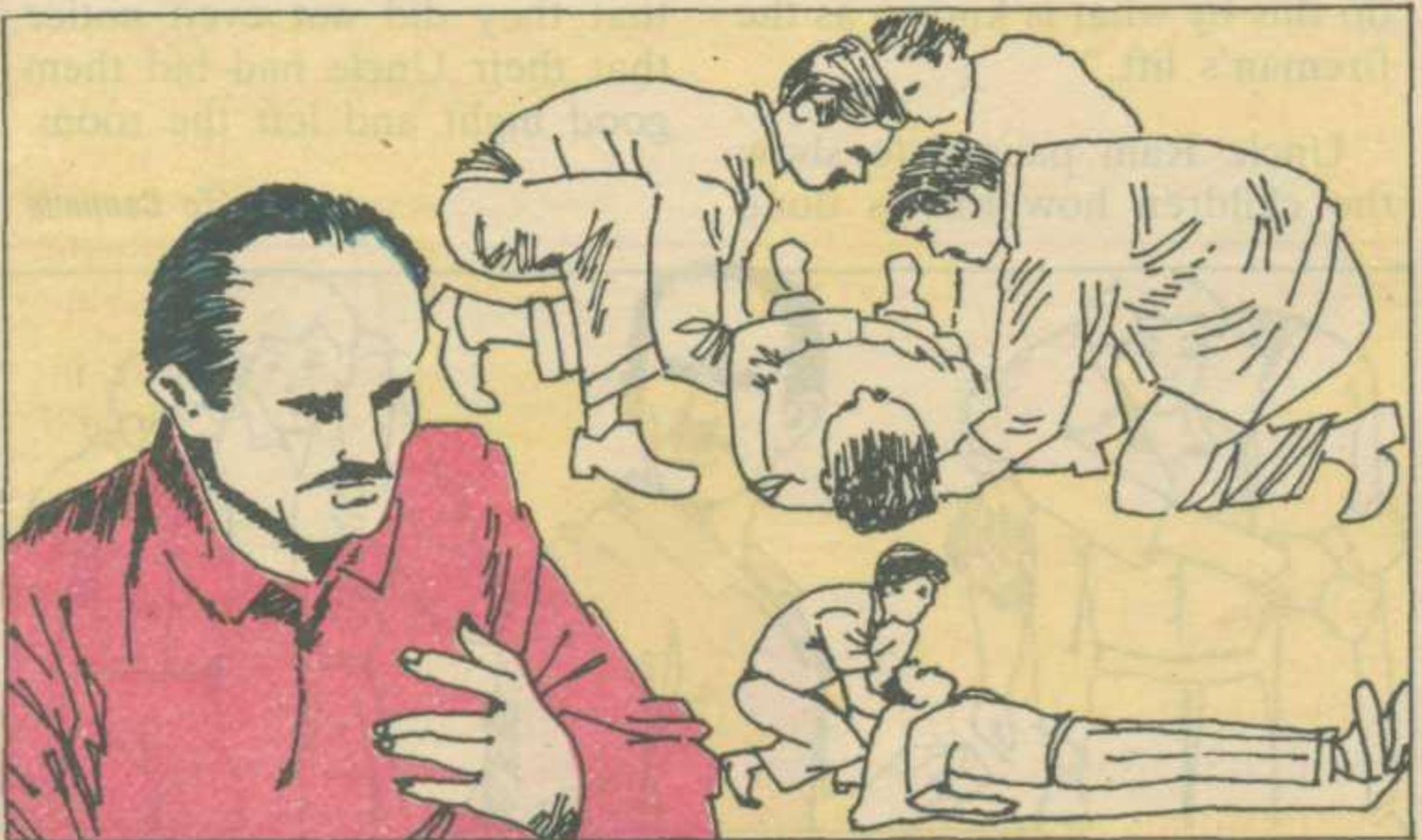
"How do we do that, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

"If there are several persons to help you, the victim may be shifted to a long, rigid object like a bench, plank of wood or a door, which can be used as a stretcher. For shifting the victim to the stretcher, he should be supported at the head, neck,

along the spine and lower limbs, by several persons. Then they should all simultaneously lift him so that his whole body is in a straight line, and place him on the stretcher."

Kumud asked, "If we are alone, and need to move the person to prevent further injury, how can we do that, Uncle?"

Uncle Ram answered, "If it is absolutely necessary, it can be done by gently dragging the victim along the ground, without lifting him. If a blanket or a thick sheet is available, it can be slipped under him by gently tilting him and he can be drag-





ged by the blanket. The dragging should be done from the head-end, and lengthwise, not sideways."

"Uncle, you have not told us how we can carry those who do not have injuries to the spine," said Kumud.

"Well, it depends upon how many helpers are available and the nature of the injury. For example, if there is only a sprain or a minor injury to the foot or leg, and if you are alone, the victim may be carried piggyback. If he has fainted, but has no major injury, and he has to be carried a short distance away from danger, a lone helper can do this by what is known as the fireman's lift."

Uncle Ram paused to show the children how this is done

and then continued, "If the victim just needs some support to walk, the first-aider may do that by putting a shoulder of his under the victim's arm-pit. If there are two or more helpers, the victim can be carried more easily. The best way to carry someone, of course, is on a stretcher when it is available and there are at least four persons to carry it."

Uncle Ram picked up the picture-book which he had earlier given to the children, and showed them some pictures of the different ways in which an injured person can be carried. The children sat looking at the pictures in such rapt attention that they did not even notice that their Uncle had bid them good night and left the room.

—To Continue







A folktale from Burma

## Adventures Of Bhum And Goom

In olden days there were two friends named Bhum and Goom. They would not do any useful work, but they never harmed anybody. In fact they were good natured boys, but without any aim in life.

"Come, let us go on a journey across the country," one day Bhum proposed. Goom agreed. They walked a whole day and by late in the evening, felt quite tired. They sat down under a roadside tree and looked vacantly in all directions.

Their eyes fell on a bull which had got loose and was grazing on someone's vegetable garden.

"Hey Goom, let us do one

good thing in life. Let us save the vegetables from the bull," said Bhum.

"That is a good idea," said Goom. Both led the bull to a lonely place and tied it to a guava tree. Then they walked into the village and sought shelter in an inn.

In the evening they heard a commotion. The village landlord's favourite bull was missing. Several people had gathered in front of the inn and were discussing about it.

Bhum came near them and said in a whisper, "Why don't you consult a good soothsayer?"

"We don't have any sooth-





sayer in this part of the land," said the landlord.

Bhum laughed. "You have one—at least temporarily. He is my master. Goom, just now taking rest inside the inn," he informed them.

The landlord felt encouraged. He requested Goom to tell him about his missing bull. Goom drew some lines on the floor, muttered some abracadabra and gravely said, "Go west. Near a pond there is a vegetable garden. A furlong away to its east, you will find a crooked guava tree. The bull can be found there."

A number of villagers ran to the spot and discovered the bull. The landlord was deeply impressed. He paid them a handsome reward.

"Gentlemen, kindly do not propose to pay me anything for my hospitality. I am lucky to have guests like you," said the innkeeper. Then he informed them that a gold casket of his had been stolen a week ago. Would they care to trace it?

"Now it is right. We will surely find it out for you in the morning. The sun always helps us in our occult practice," said Goom.

The innkeeper treated the two guests to a very special dinner. The two friends retired into their room.

"Now what?" asked Goom in despair.

"We must escape long before it is dawn!" said Bhum with a sigh.

"Destiny is responsible for all this!" commented Goom.

Suddenly a young servant of the innkeeper burst into their room and fell at Goom's feet. "My name is Destiny. You are right. I stole the casket. It is lying buried behind the inn,



under the tamarind tree. Once my master knows that I am the thief, he will thrash my skin off me!" said the young man whose name happened to be Destiny.

"Hm!" said Goom. "One who would take to stealing should have a thicker skin which cannot be taken off easily. Of course we knew that the casket was lying under the tamarind tree. We will restore it to your master. But we will not expose you provided you promise never to steal again."

"I promise!" said the servant. The two friends asked him to leave them. They looked at each other with great satisfaction.

"Bhum, we have done another good deed. We have made the chap give up stealing," said Goom.

"Right," Bhum agreed.

The casket was found in the morning. The innkeeper was so happy that he would not let his guests depart! Meanwhile every villager was heard singing the glory of Goom and Bhum!

Now, the king's minister was passing through the village. He heard about the gifted young men and met them. "Our king is facing a problem. Please come



to the capital. I am sure, you can help him out of his difficulty," he said. Before they had put forth any apology, the minister had pushed them into his spacious carriage.

On their arrival in the capital they learnt what the king's problem was. The king was a great believer in astrology and he patronised a number of astrologers. He had a wealthy friend who was a ship-owner and who visited his kingdom once every year, sailing from the island of Java. The ship-owner had sent an iron-trunk, securely locked, to the king. He had challenged the king to find out what it





contained, through the help of his astrologers. If he succeeded, the ship-owner will give away his ship, with all the merchandise it contained, to the king. If the king failed, the kingdom should become the ship-owner's property!

The astrologers had been unable to say what the trunk contained. Consequently they had all been imprisoned. Now it was for Goom and Bhum to prove their knowledge!

"We will try at sunrise, tomorrow, Your Majesty," they told the king.

"Very well. But if you fail, you will go the way of the

astrologers. And before I lose my kingdom, all of you shall lose your heads!" said the king, sulking under humiliation.

The two friends escaped from the royal guest house at midnight.

"Where to go? In the morning the king's horsemen will catch us in whatever direction we go!" said Goom.

"Right. We are not safe on the land. Let us enter the sea and find shelter in one of the ships about to leave the shore," proposed Bhum.

The two friends entered the water and advanced towards a ship which was nearby. They overheard some conversation. A little girl was asking, "Grandpa, what does the trunk really contain?"

"Go to sleep, little one, let us see whether the king succeeds in finding it out!" said the affectionate voice of an elderly man.

"Grandpa, unless you tell me, I will keep on pestering you; I will not go to sleep," insisted the child.

"Very well, but keep it a secret. It contains a brass box. The brass box contains a silver box. That contains a gold box.



Inside that is to be found a bottle of perfume," replied the elderly man.

Bhum and Goom returned to their guest-house. In the morning, in the royal court packed to capacity, they announced their 'finding'. The ship-owner looked surprised. The box was opened and what Goom and Bhum had said was found to be correct.

The king got the ship, but he made a gift of it to Goom and Bhum. Then he requested them to remain in his court as his court-soothsayers.

"Your Majesty!" said Goom, "I'm sorry to inform you that we have forfeited our occult knowledge. It had been said that the day we solve the king's prob-

lem, our life's mission would have been accomplished!"

"I see! You have made a sacrifice for me!" said the king. "What reward do you expect for that?"

"Your Majesty, let the ship be restored to its owner and let the astrologers who are rotting in jail be set free!" said Goom.

"I see, you are extremely good-natured boys!" exclaimed the king. He heaped a fortune on them. The ship-owner did not lag behind. He too gave them a lot of money.

"Now we must live decently and be really useful to the society," Bhum whispered to Goom when both set out for their village, with a cart-load of gifts following them.





## “DON'T BE A NARCISSIST!”

Miss L. has been warned by her uncle, who is a learned professor, that she should not become a *Narcissist*. She thinks that she knows the meaning of the term, but is not sure about it.

Often a phrase has a story behind it. We should know the story in order to make proper use of the phrase.

According to Greek mythology, Narcissus was a handsome young man. One day he saw his own image reflected in a pool of water. He thought it to be a water-nymph and gazed at it for long. He fell in love with it and tried to catch it. Needless to say, he could not succeed however he tried. At last, in despair, he killed himself.

There are people who think too much of their own beauty. They would never get tired looking at themselves in the mirror or in their efforts to decorate themselves. Such people are called Narcissists. They are full of self-love. Extreme cases of people beset with self-love may have to be treated psychologically.

Of course, a word like Narcissist or Narcissism can be used lightly and we suspect that Miss L.'s uncle has only done that. The venerable professor may have very much liked his dear niece to prepare a cup of tea while the niece was perhaps concentrating on applying the new lip-stick she had just received as a gift from her elder sister? That could have annoyed the professor. And who has a greater right to use such valuable words than a professor?







**Which is the largest park in the world?**

—V.H. Chalageri,  
Gulbarga

The Wood Buffalo National Park in Alberta, Canada, 17,560 sq. miles in area, is the largest park in the world. This was established in 1922.

**What does a *nautical mile* (to which the *Newsflash* in June '88 *Chandamama* refers) mean?**

—A. Vijayakumar,  
Sathamangalam

A nautical mile is one minute of longitude measured along the equator—6082.66 feet (*Nautic* or *nautical* are adjectives pertaining to ships or sailors. *Nautics*, in singular, is the science of navigation.)

**Was King Vikramaditya who owned the throne called the *Vatris Simhasana* the same king in whose court there were nine geniuses including Kalidasa? What happened to the throne?**

—Durlav Chandra Pradhan,  
Angul

According to legend, yes. He was the king of Ujjaini and the Vikrama Era beginning from 58-57B.C. commemorates him. However, history can hardly offer any material regarding his reign. So far as the legendary throne is concerned, legend says that it lay buried for a long time until one of the Bhoja kings discovered it. But every time he wanted to occupy it, one of the nymph-like statuettes would come to life and narrate a brave deed of Vikramaditya and challenge him to equal the great king's merit. The statuette would then disappear or fly away. The throne would have lost its attraction after all the thirtytwo nymphs were gone.

History speaks of several Vikramadityas, for example Chandragupta II (A.D. 380-415), his grandson Skandagupta (A.D. 455-67) and the Chalukya kings of a later era. Chandragupta II had his capital at Ujjaini and was a great patron of artistic and intellectual activities.



## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



M. Natarajan

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for July '88 goes to:-  
Mr. Vasudev G.A.  
2201, 11th Main,  
'A' Block, 2nd Stage,  
Rajajinagar,  
Bangalore-560 010

The Winning Entry:- "A little prick!" & "And up so quick!"

### PICKS FROM THE WISE

It is by their own actions, good or bad, that men are happy or miserable.

—*Sukracharya in Mahabharata*

The false can never grow into truth by growing in power.

—*Tagore.*

Society must be moulded upon truth. Truth has not to adjust itself to society.

—*Vivekananda*



# "CRIPPLE"

## The word can maim a child for life.

Imagine not being able to race your best friend. Imagine not having a best friend. Imagine being struck by Poliomyelitis before you even know the word. Or what it means. And be called a "cripple" for life.

Every year, Poliomyelitis or Polio strikes 275,000 children in India. In rural India, 1 in every 150—200 surviving newborn is in danger of developing polio unless urgent preventive measures are taken. And, while you read this, there are 1.6 million polio-stricken children in the country, most of them handicapped for life. If only they had been immunized... in time.

### PolioPlus

#### *The Rotarian Relief Programme*

Rotary International has embarked on a world-wide immunization programme called PolioPlus. Through this programme, Rotary will provide all polio vaccines necessary for upto 5 consecutive years, for children in countries around the world.

Plus immunization against common childhood diseases like measles, diphtheria, tuberculosis, tetanus and whooping cough—diseases which take 3.5 million young lives in the developing world, every year.



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